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TOP CAT

NO. 7  
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# TOP CAT

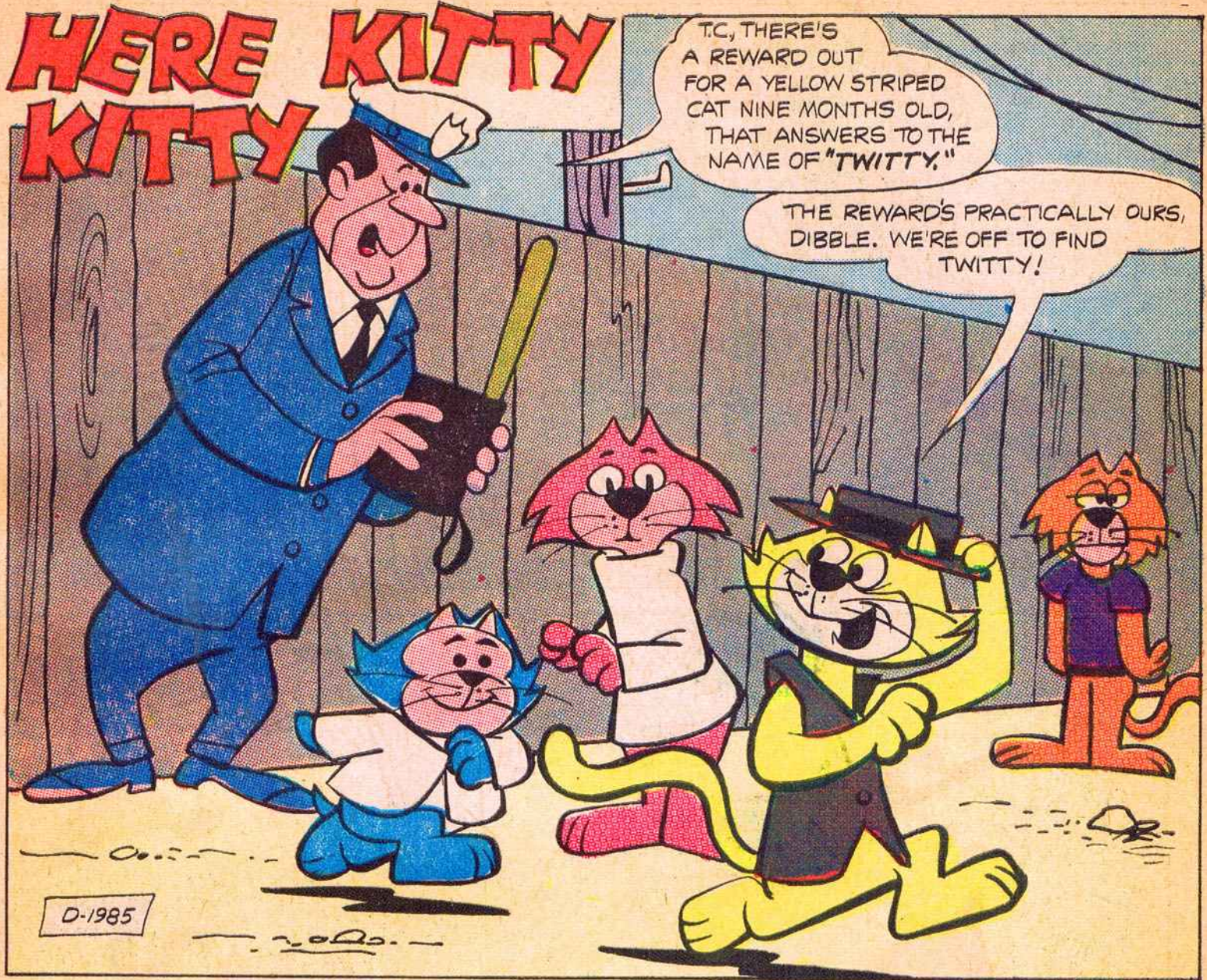


00749

RAY  
DIRGO



# HERE KITTY KITTY



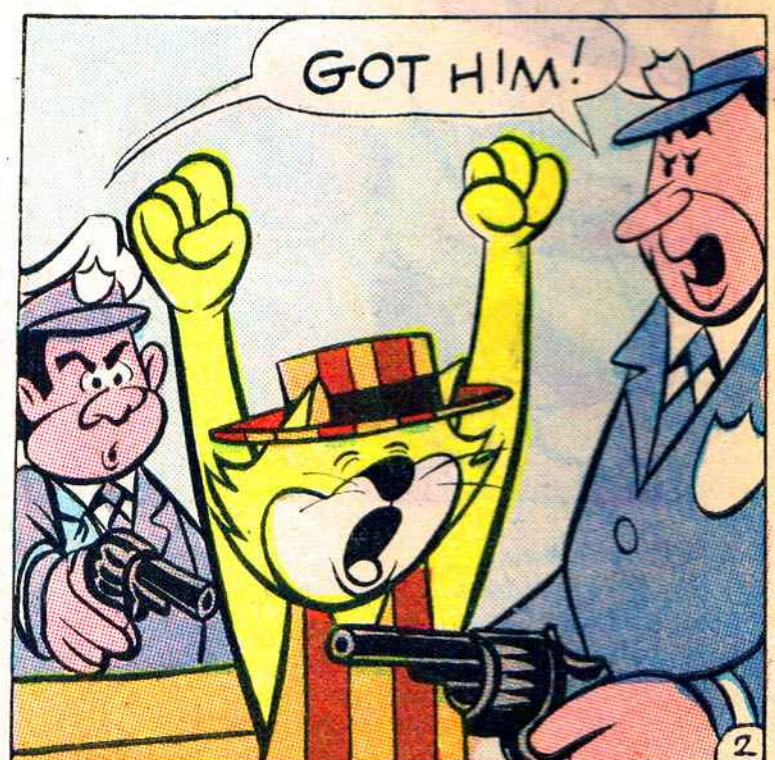
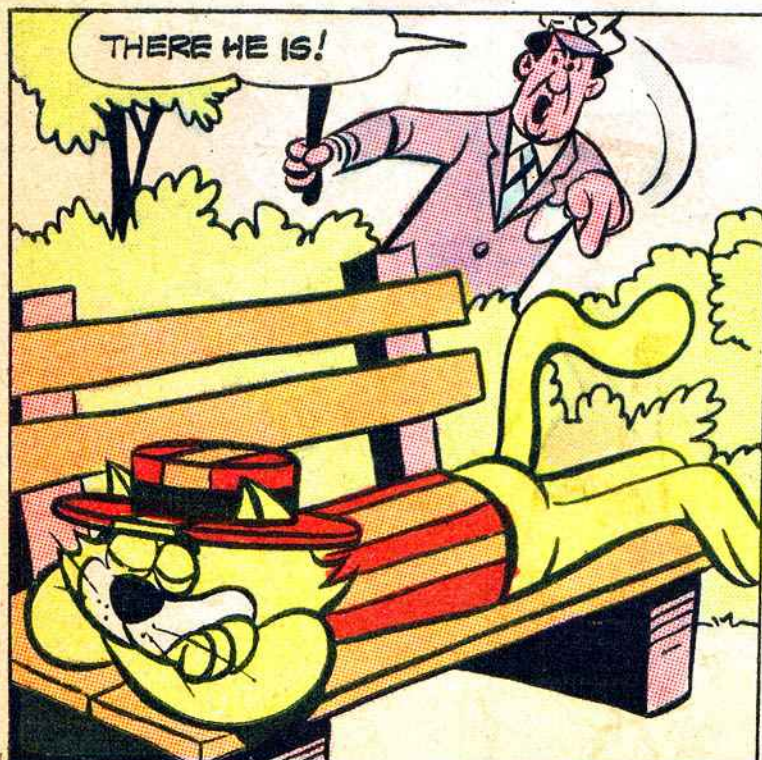
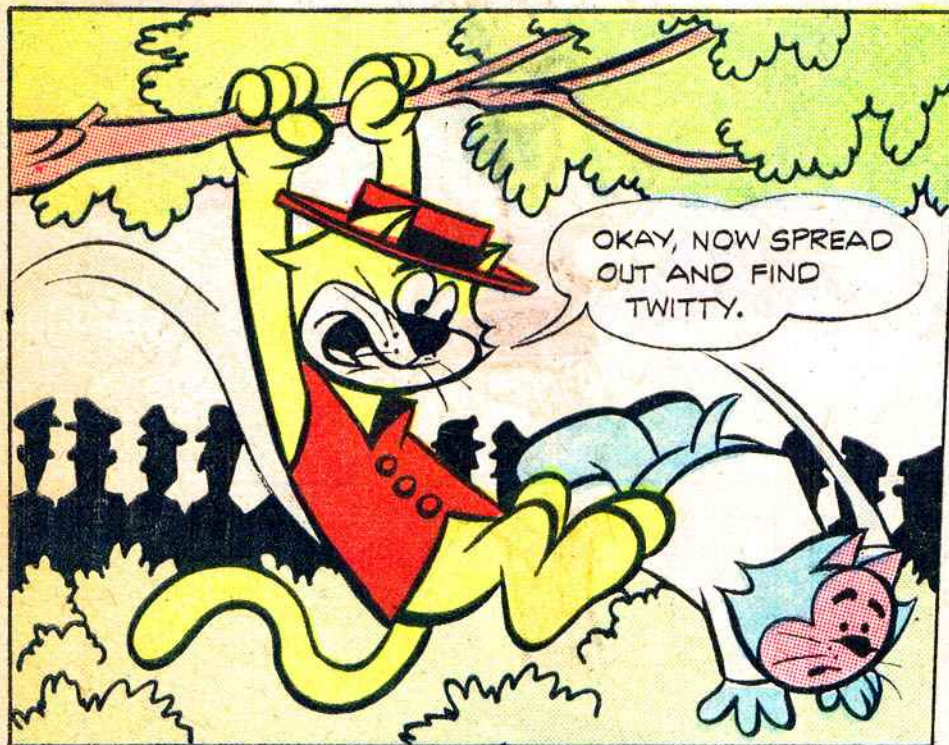
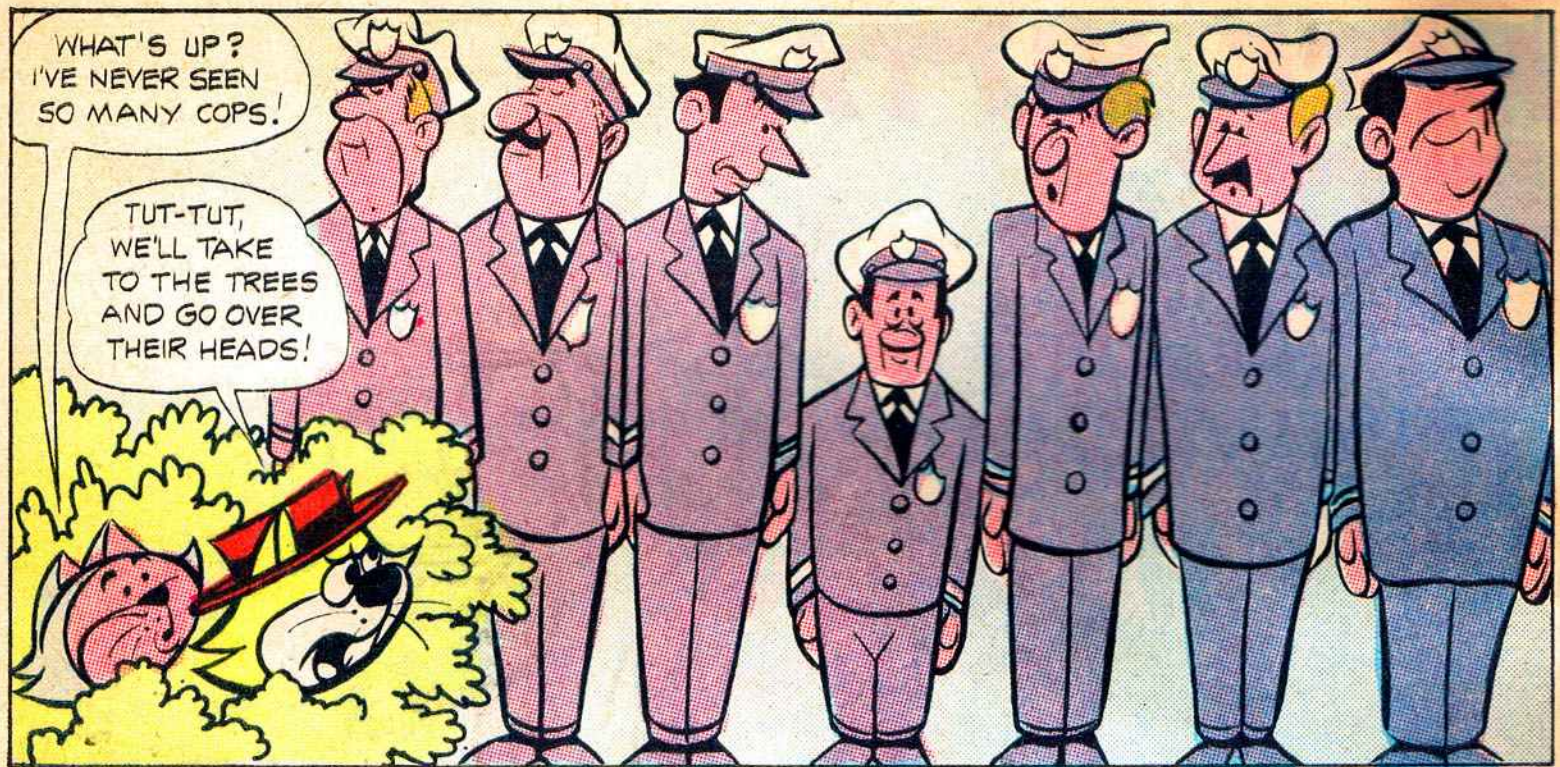
TOP CAT Vol. 2, No. 7, November, 1971,

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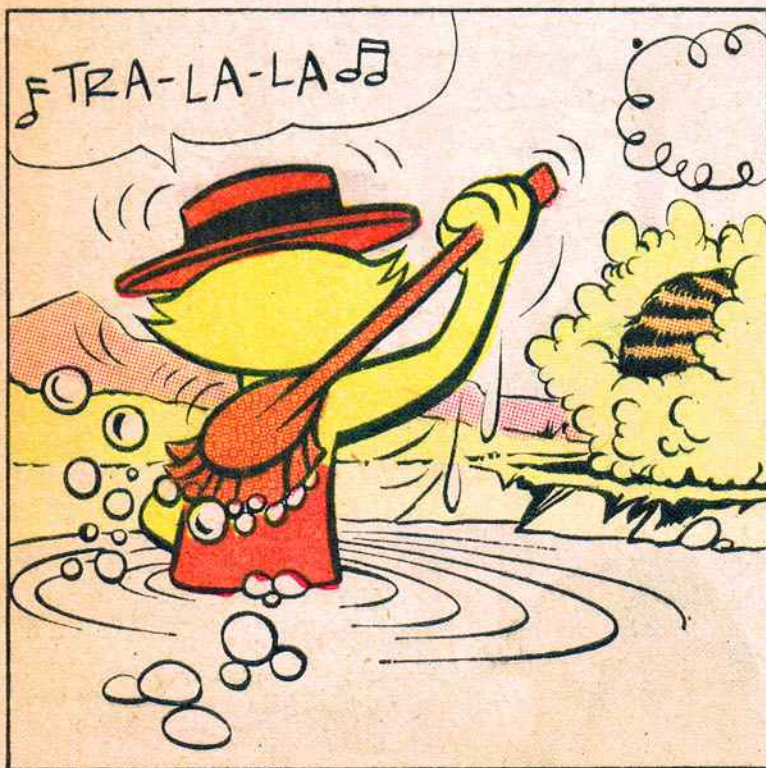
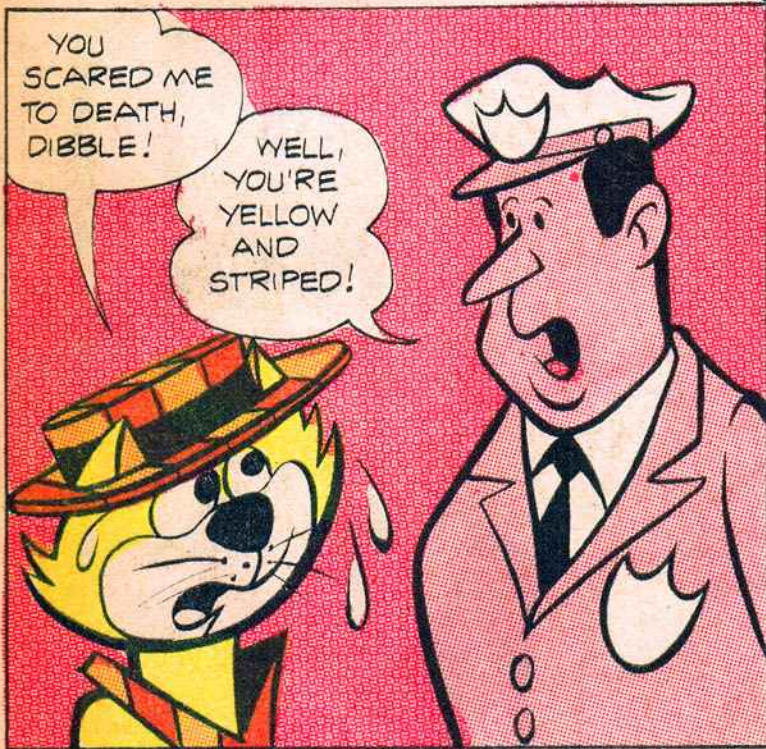
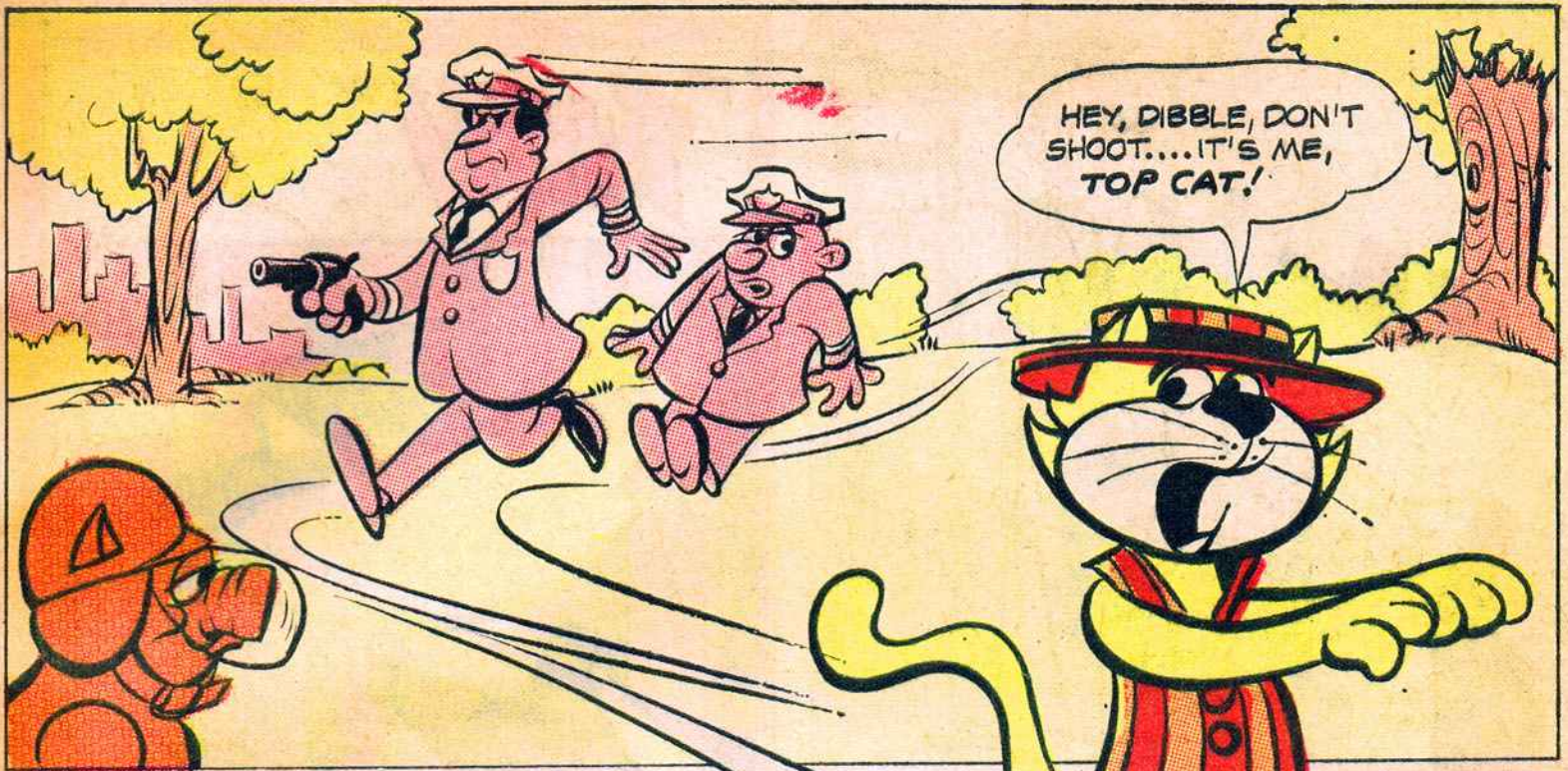
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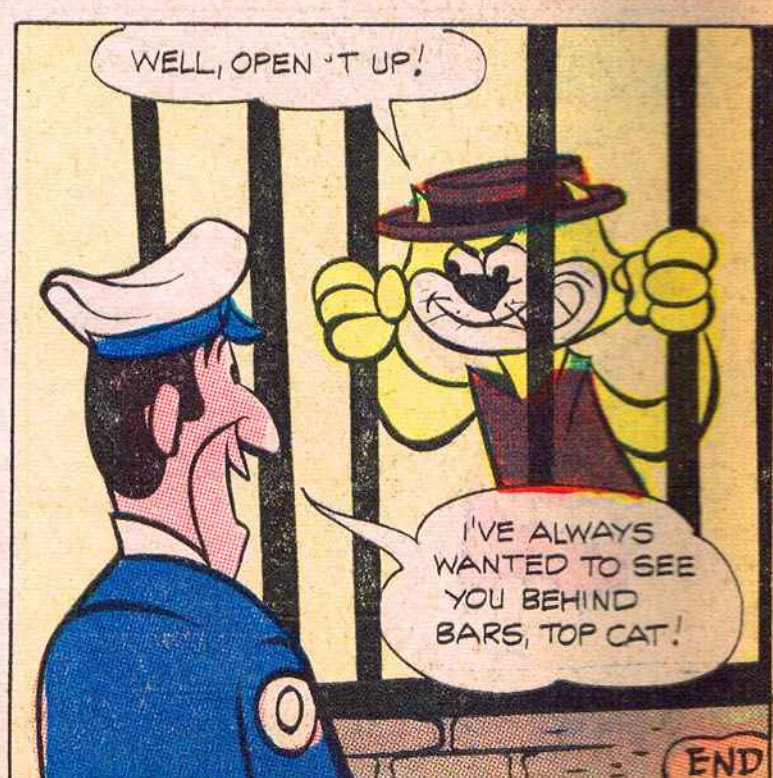












END



AHHH! THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE A GOOD HOT  
BATH TO MAKE YOU  
FEEL REFRESHED!  
RIGHT, BENNY?

RIGHT!



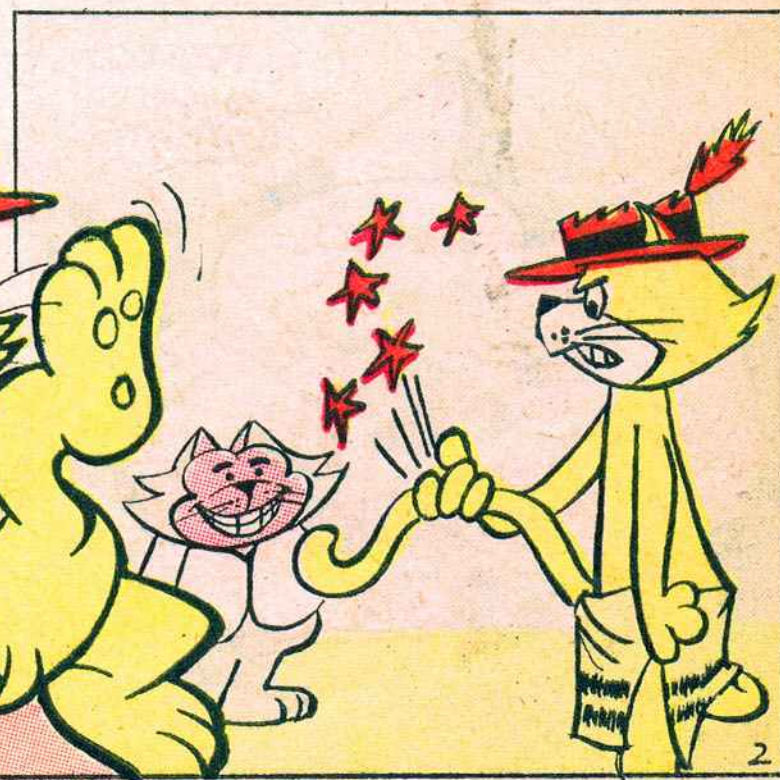
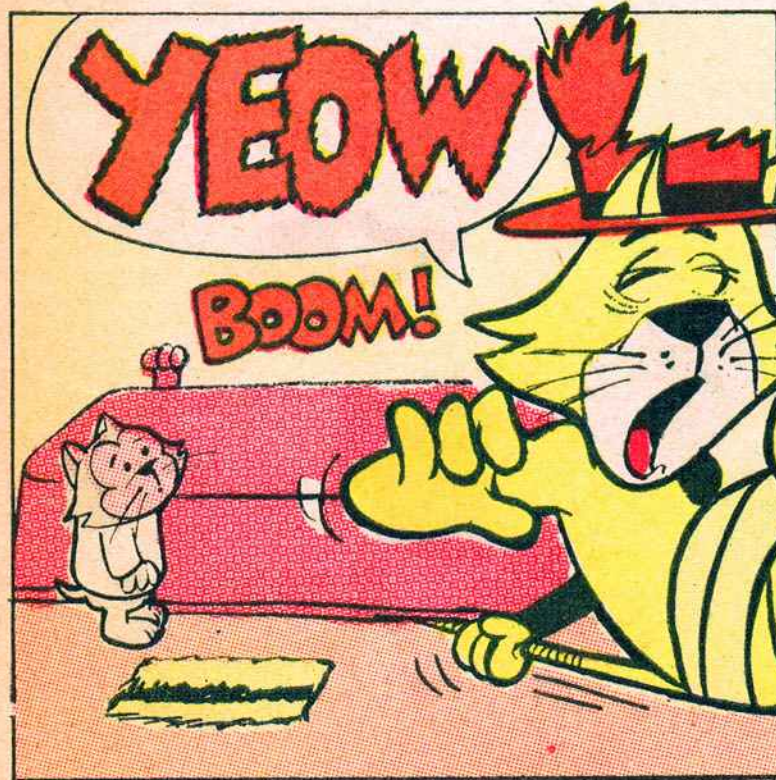
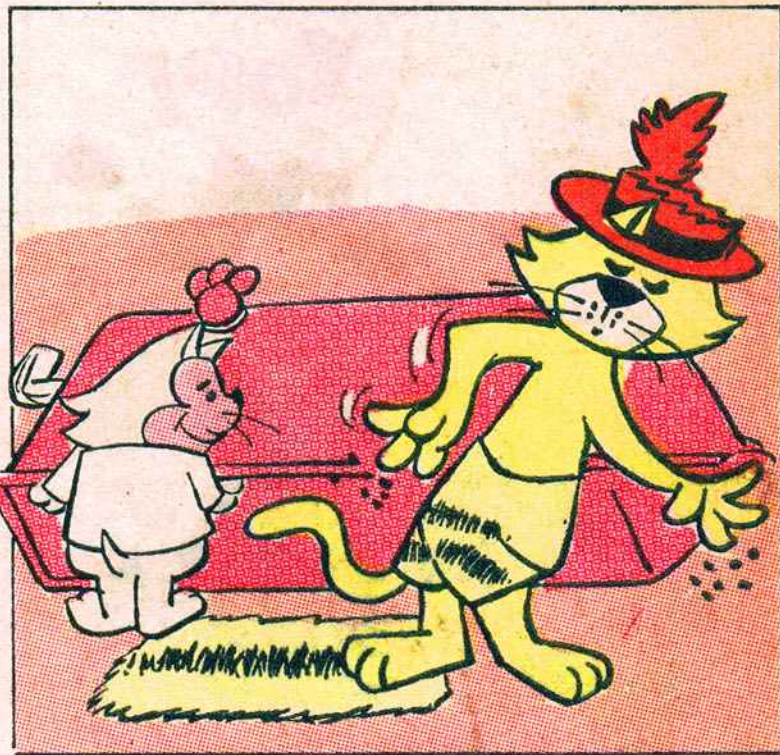
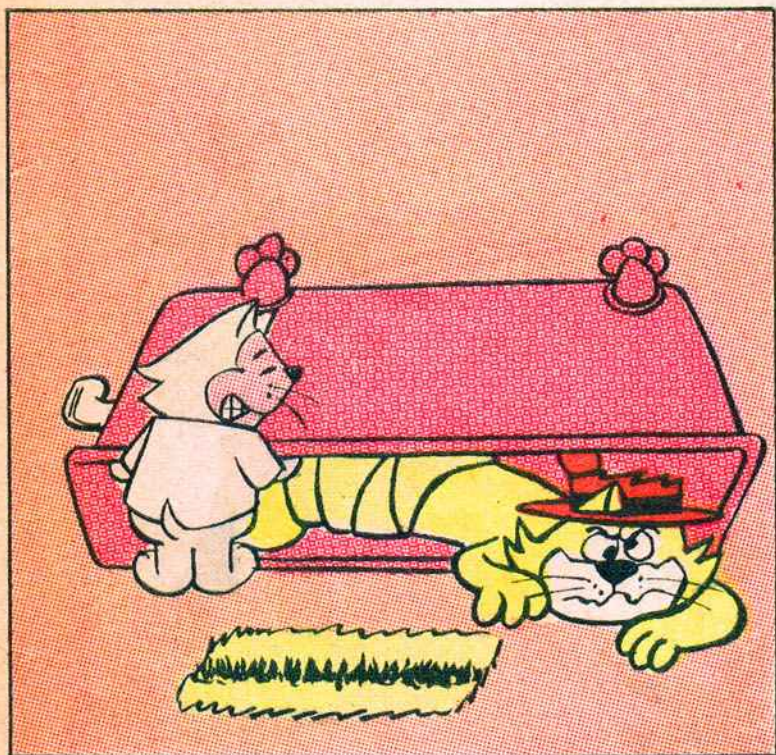
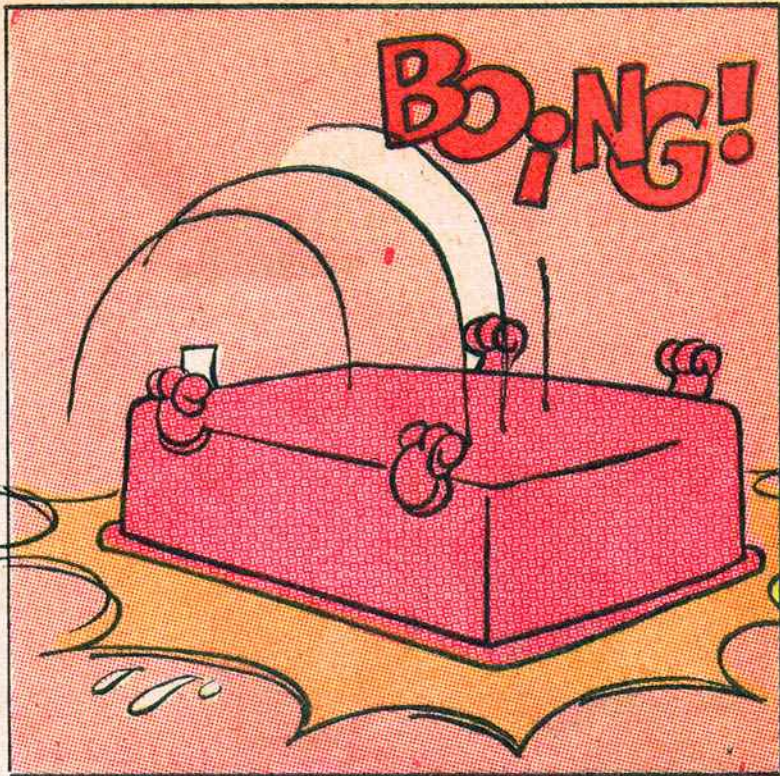
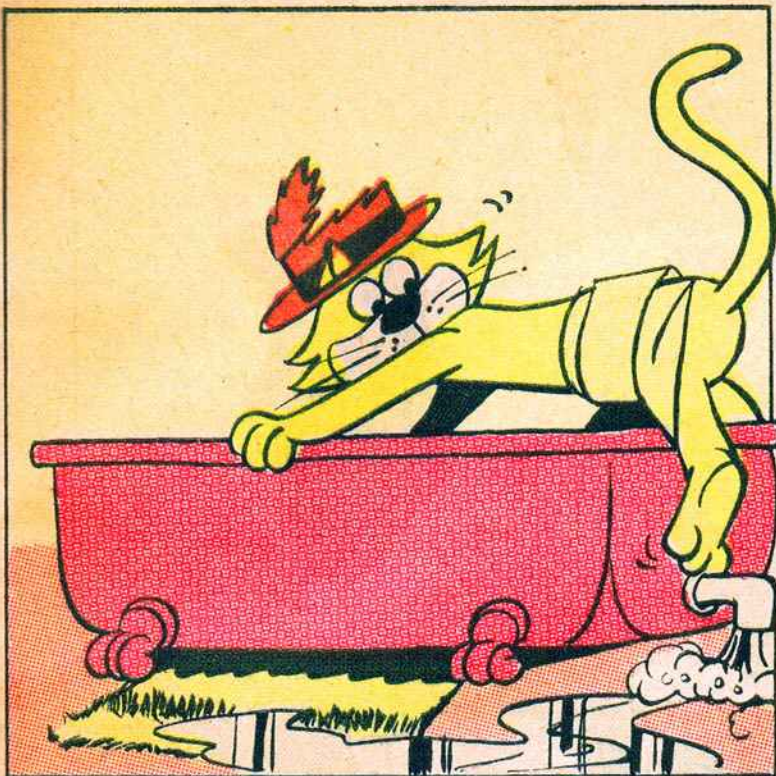
D-1900

# TOP CAT IN DRESSING UP!

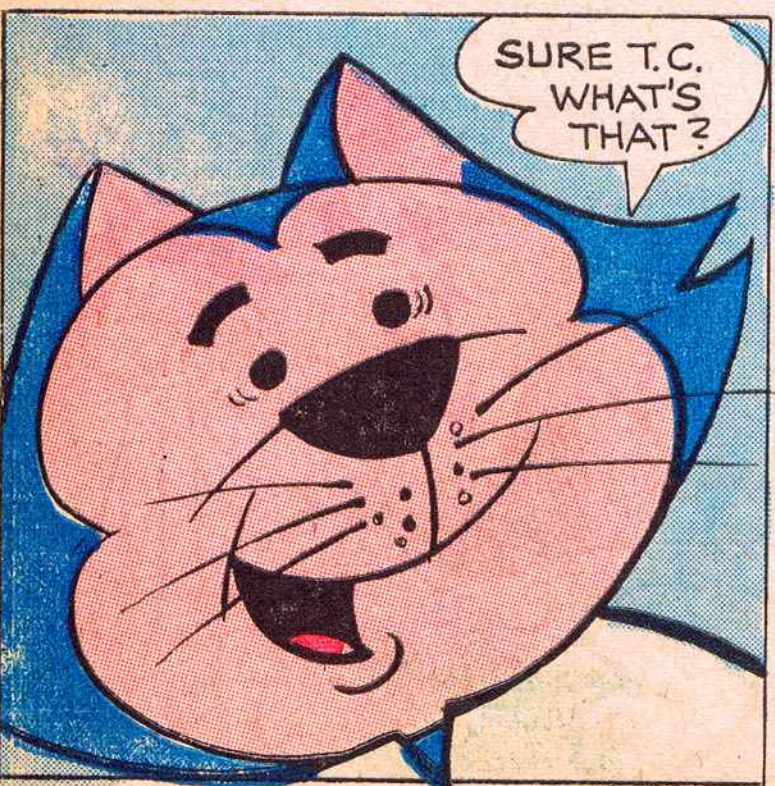
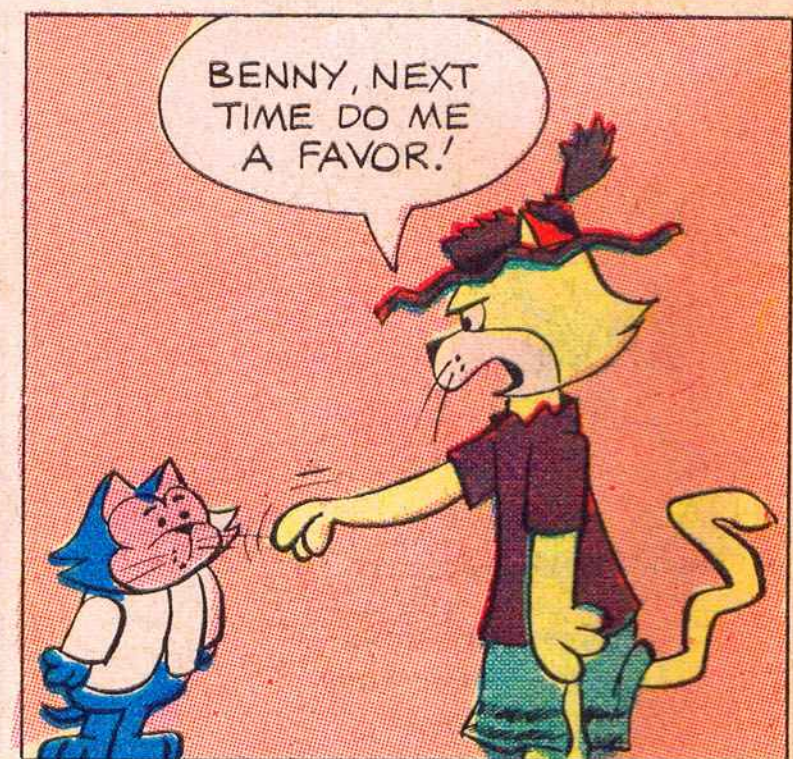
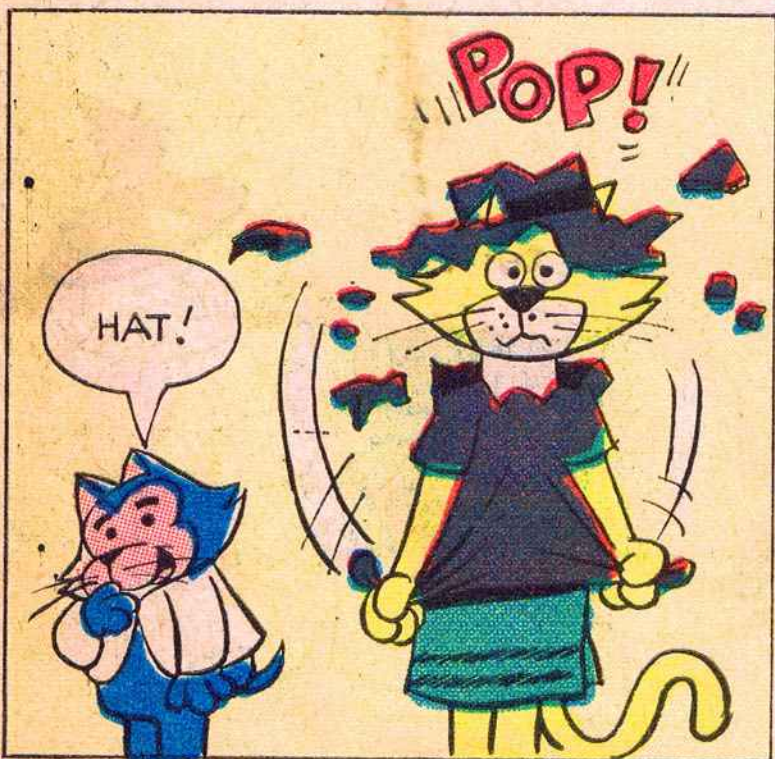
STORY & ART  
by  
PHIL MENDEZ







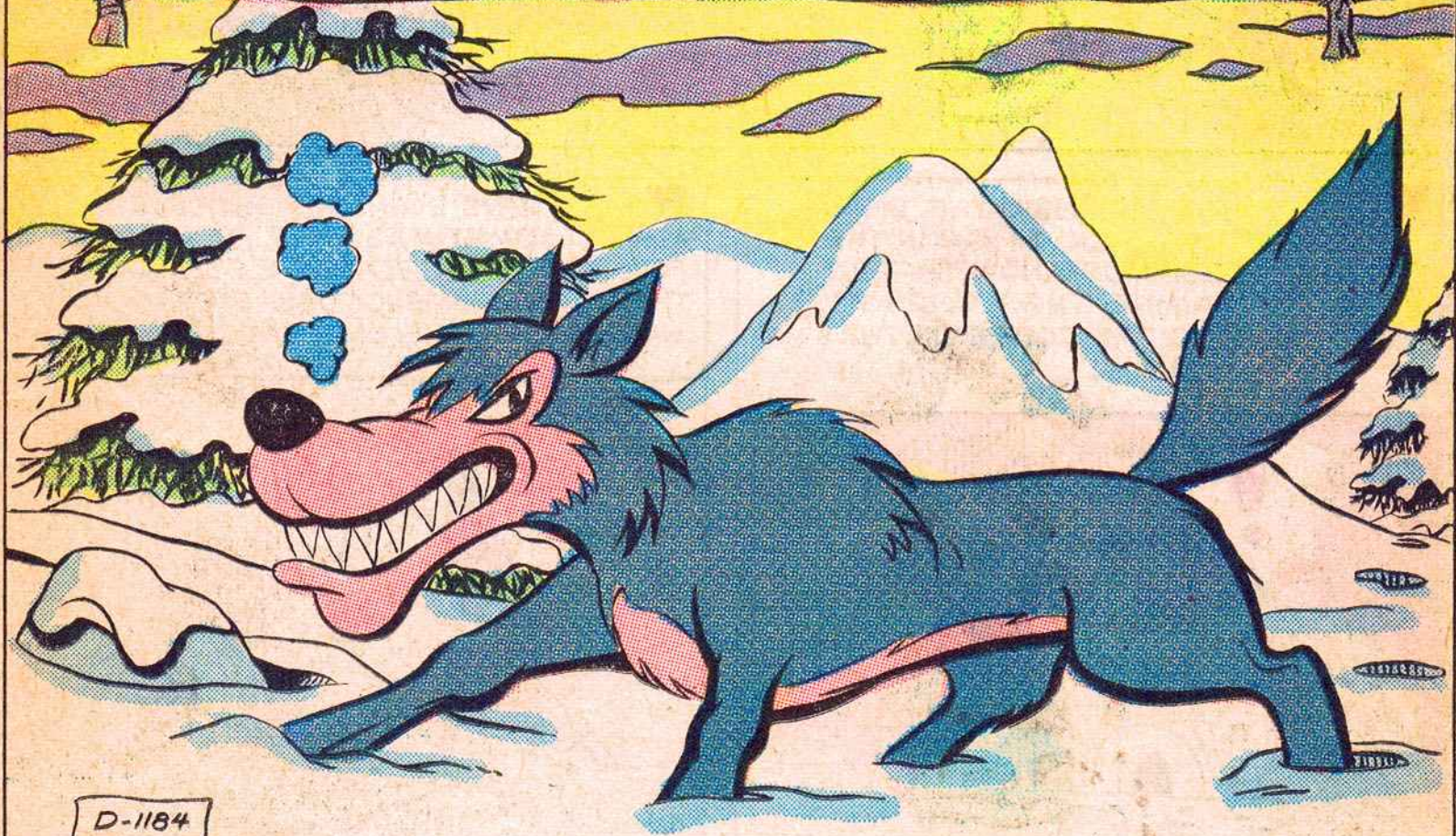




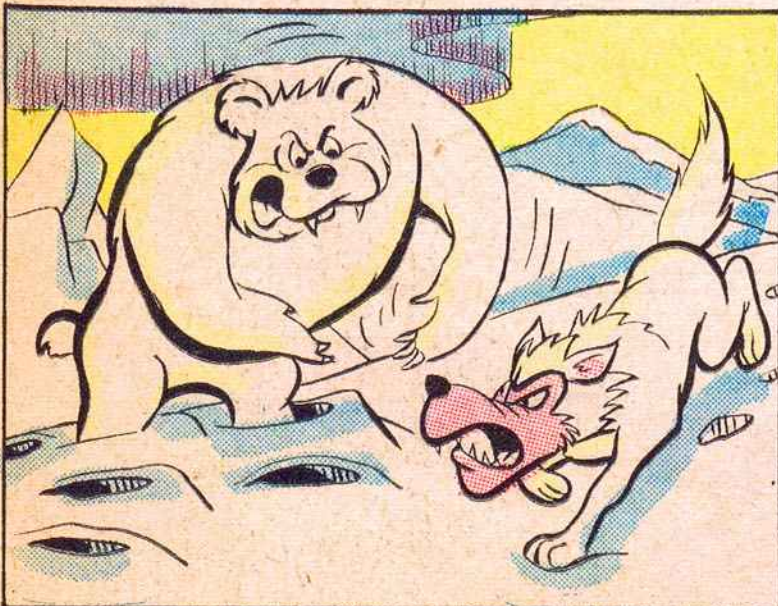


# THE WOLF master hunter

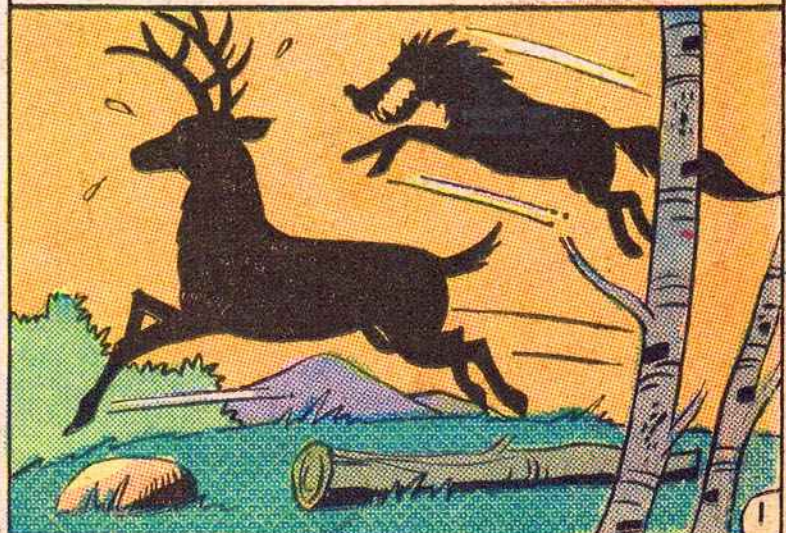
**CANIS LUPUS**, FANCY NAME FOR THE WOLF, IS A BIG, FAST, SAVAGE COUSIN OF THE DOG.... A BIG MALE MAY WEIGH 150 POUNDS OR MORE AND POUND FOR POUND IT'S THE TOUGHEST MEAT IN THE WORLD!



**T**HE WOLF RANGES FROM THE FORESTS OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES NORTH TO THE PERMANENT ICE OF THE ARCTIC! THE ARCTIC WOLF IS WHITE....

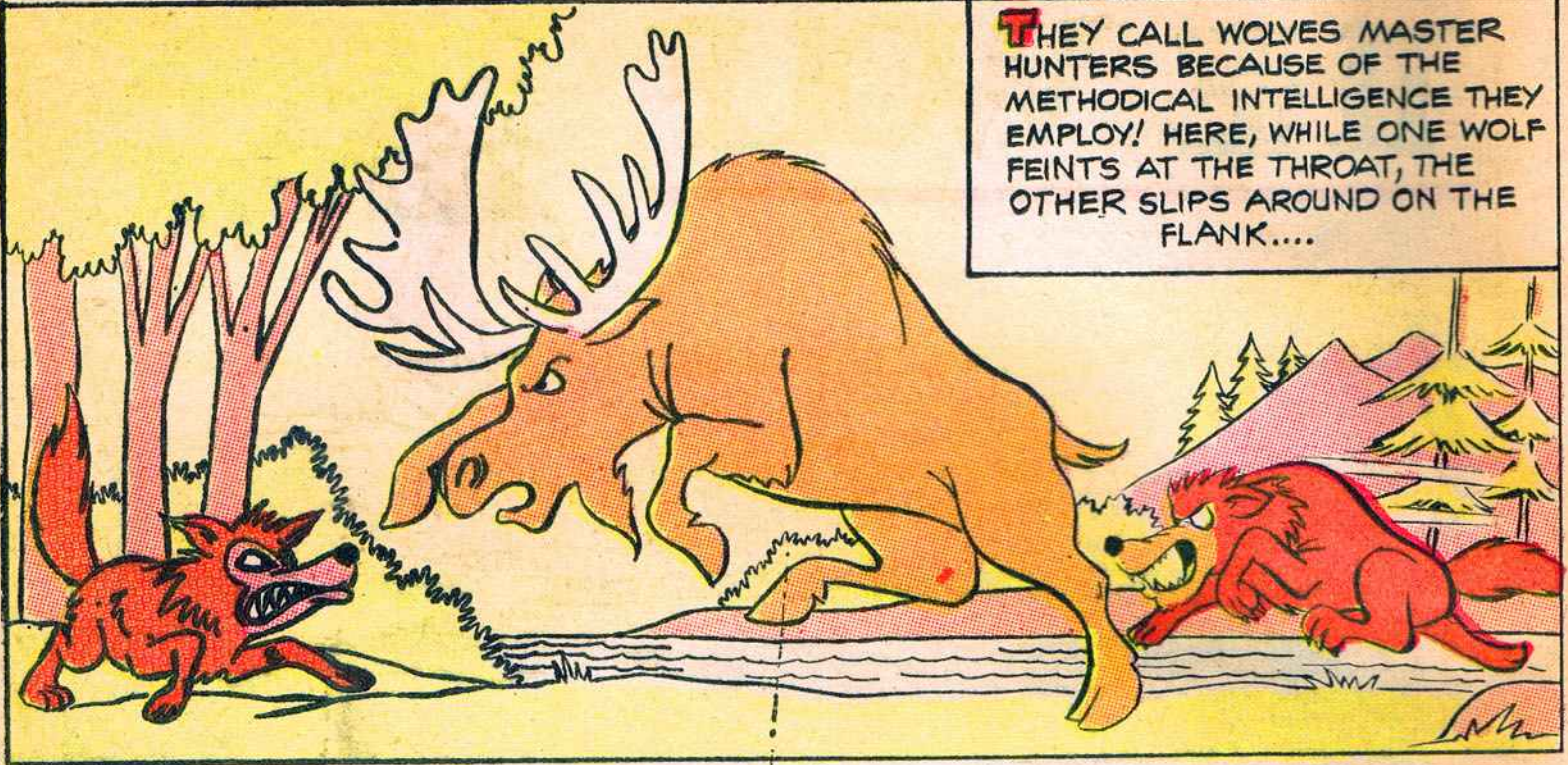


**ONE** OF THE REASONS THE WOLF USUALLY GETS THE MEAL HE'S AFTER IS HE CAN RUN FOR HOURS AT A SPEED OF 20 MILES PER HOUR, WEARING DOWN HIS PREY UNTIL THE POOR VICTIM IS BROUGHT TO BAY!

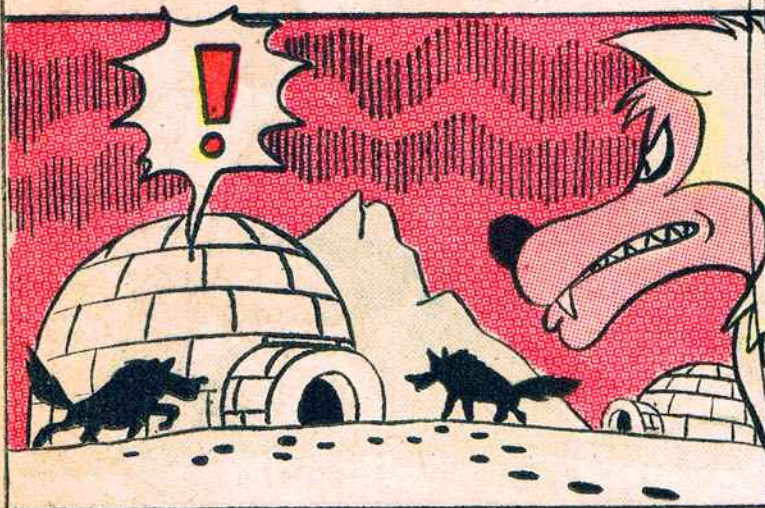




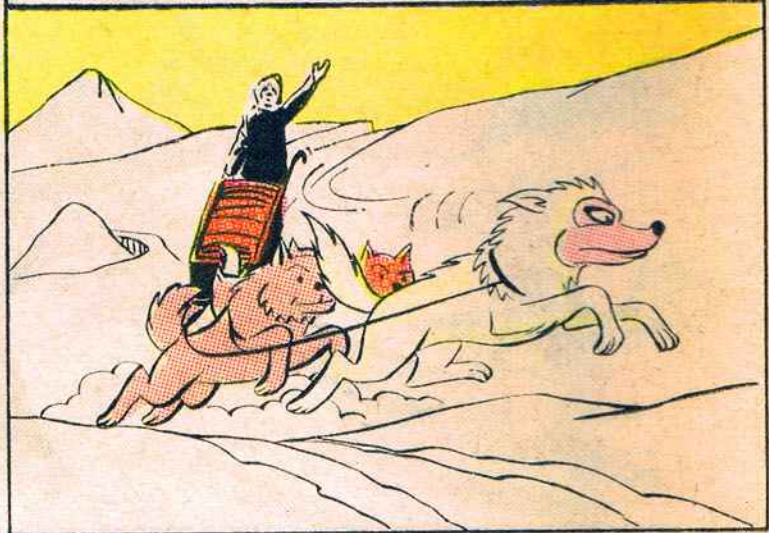
**T**HEY CALL WOLVES MASTER HUNTERS BECAUSE OF THE METHODICAL INTELLIGENCE THEY EMPLOY! HERE, WHILE ONE WOLF FEINTS AT THE THROAT, THE OTHER SLIPS AROUND ON THE FLANK....



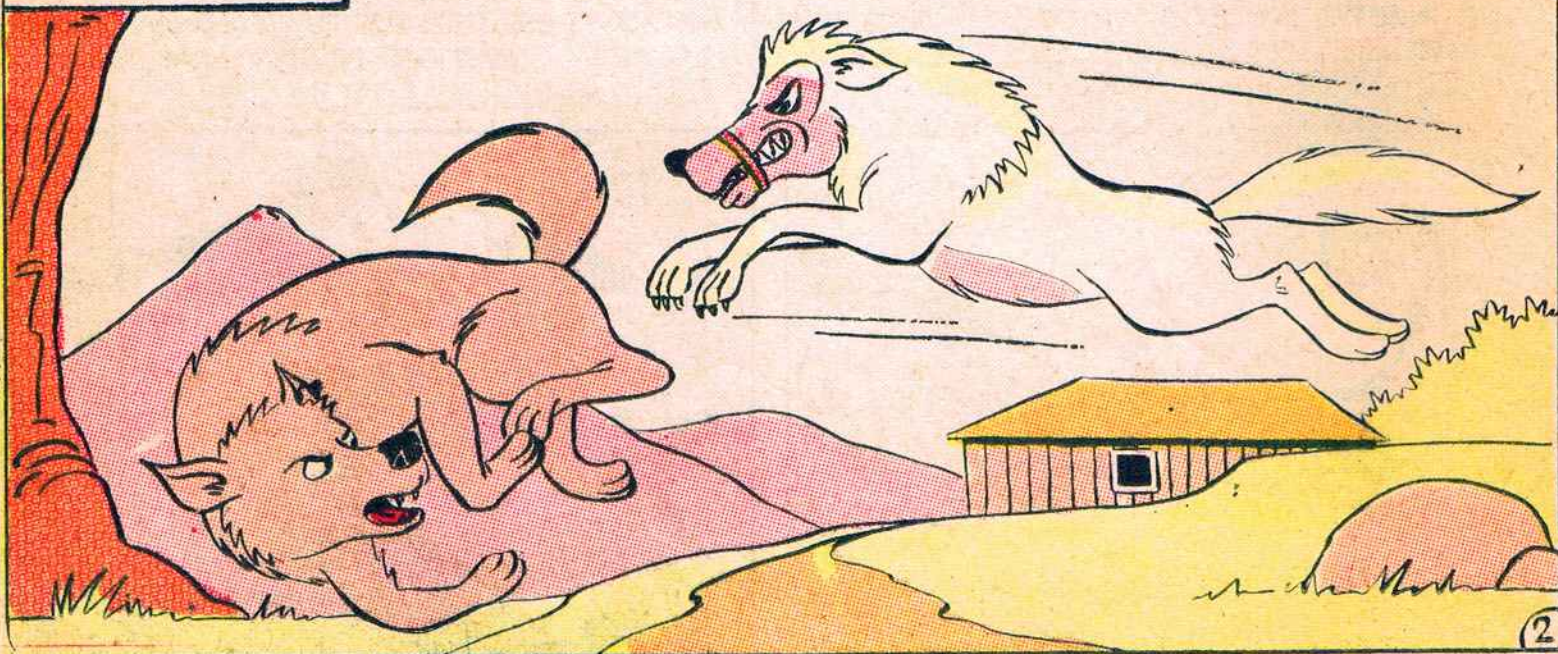
**W**HEN DRIVEN BY HUNGER, THE BIG WOLVES WILL ATTACK MAN....IN THE FAR NORTH, ESKIMOS KNOW THAT IN YEARS OF FAMINE, THE WOLVES WILL COME RIGHT TO THE DOORS OF THE IGLOOS!



**W**OLVES HAVE BEEN DOMESTICATED BY MAN....SOMETIMES WOLF PUPS ARE FOUND AND RAISED TO BE SLED DOGS! THEY ARE TREMENDOUSLY STRONG AND HAVE ENORMOUS ENDURANCE!

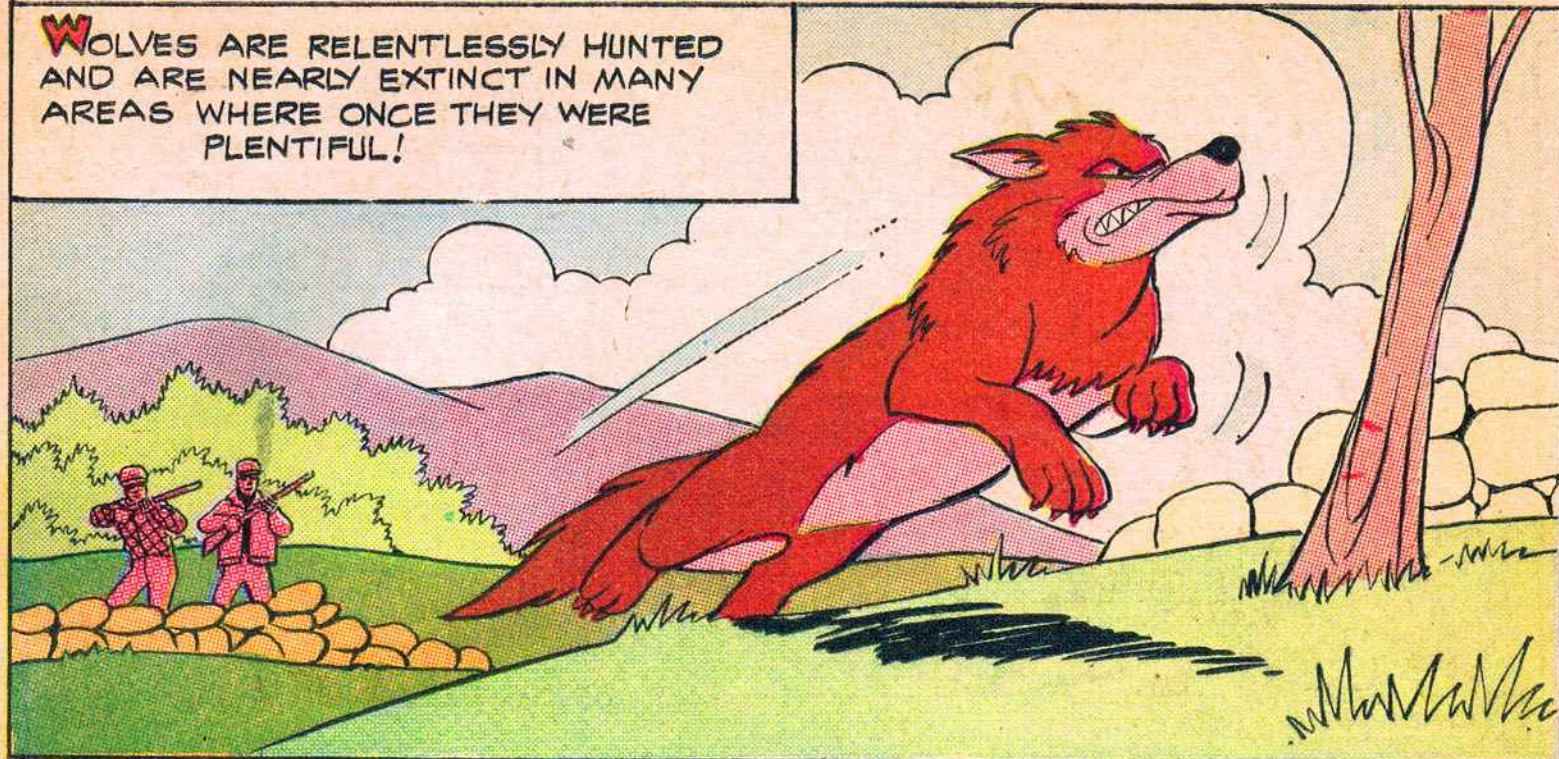


**T**HESE WOLVES WHEN BRED WITH THE ALASKAN HUSKY PRODUCE THE FINEST DOGS OF ALL!

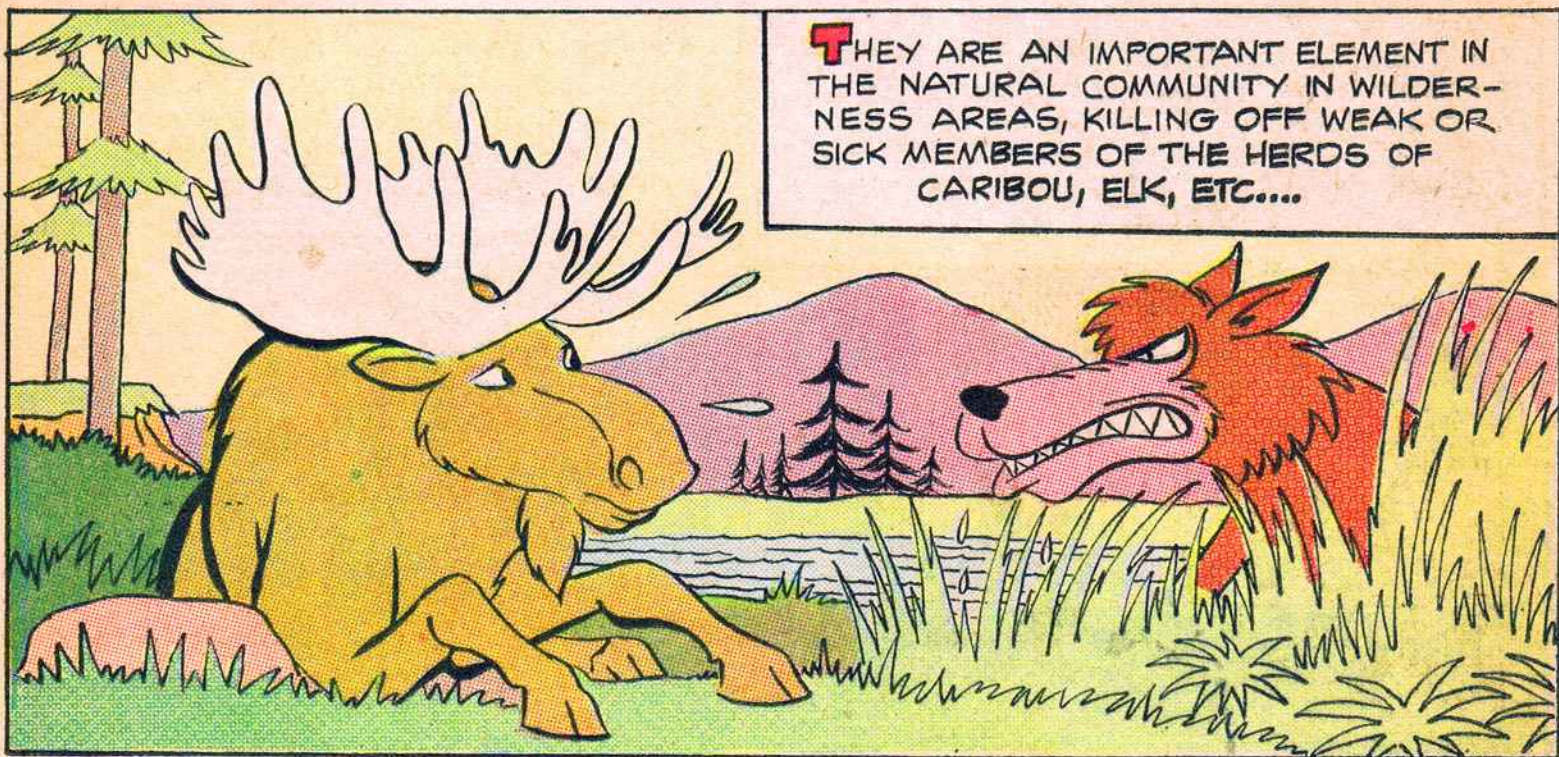




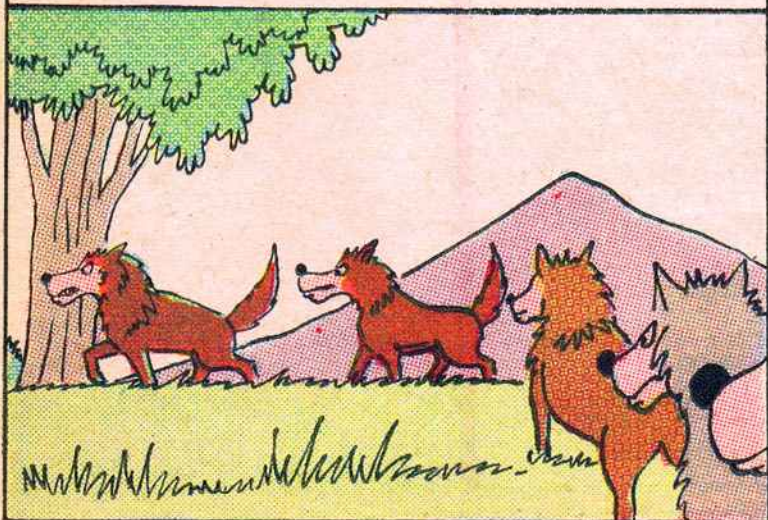
**W**OLVES ARE RELENTLESSLY HUNTED AND ARE NEARLY EXTINCT IN MANY AREAS WHERE ONCE THEY WERE PLENTIFUL!



**T**HEY ARE AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN THE NATURAL COMMUNITY IN WILDERNESS AREAS, KILLING OFF WEAK OR SICK MEMBERS OF THE HERDS OF CARIBOU, ELK, ETC....



**W**OLVES OFTEN MATE FOR LIFE AND GRIEVE DEEPLY AT THE LOSS OF A MATE! PUPS ARE TENDED AND TRAINED BY BOTH PARENTS AND WHEN MATURE OFTEN STAY WITH THE PARENTS, FORMING A WOLF PACK....

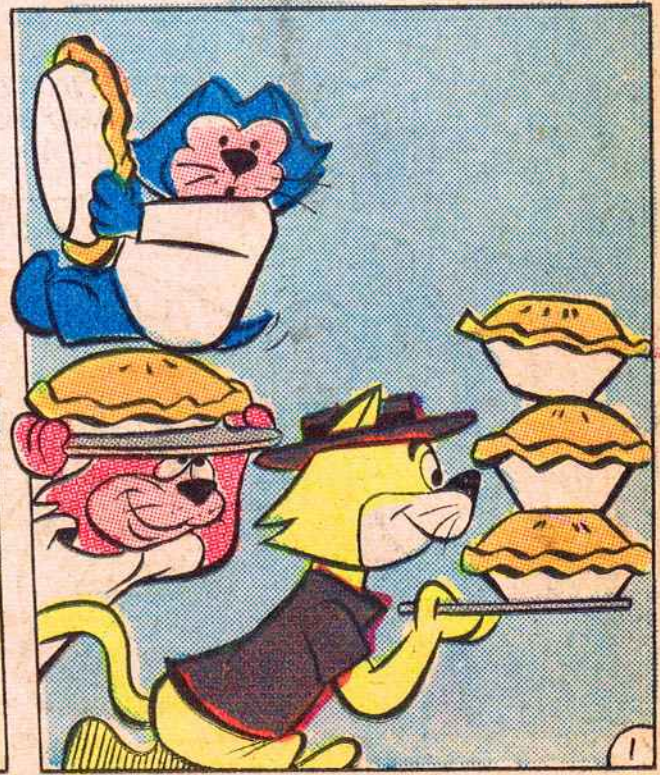
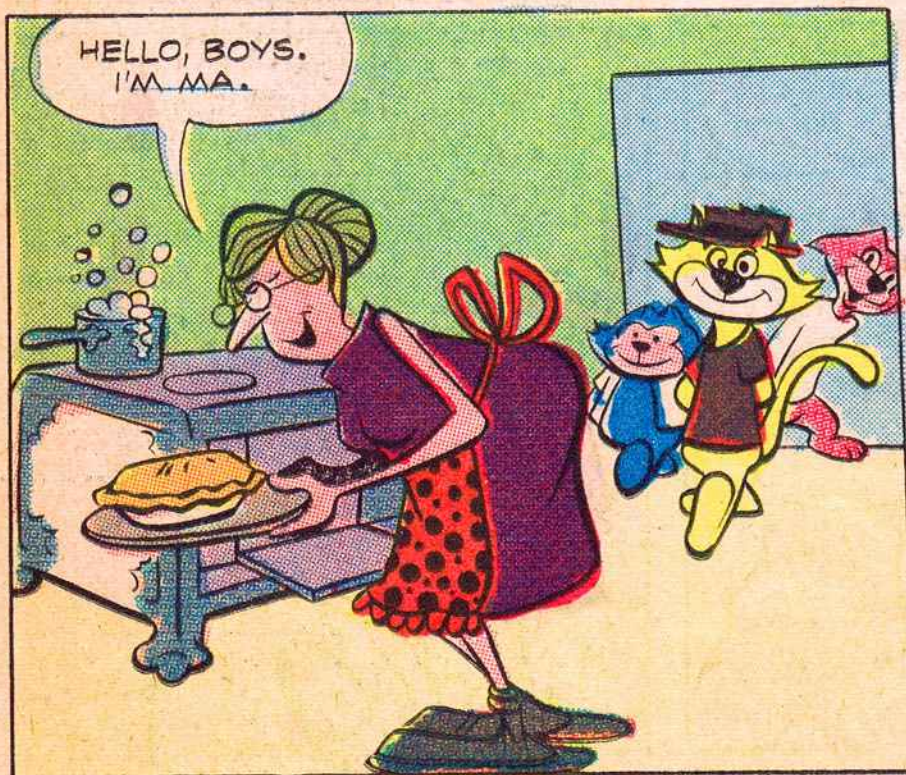
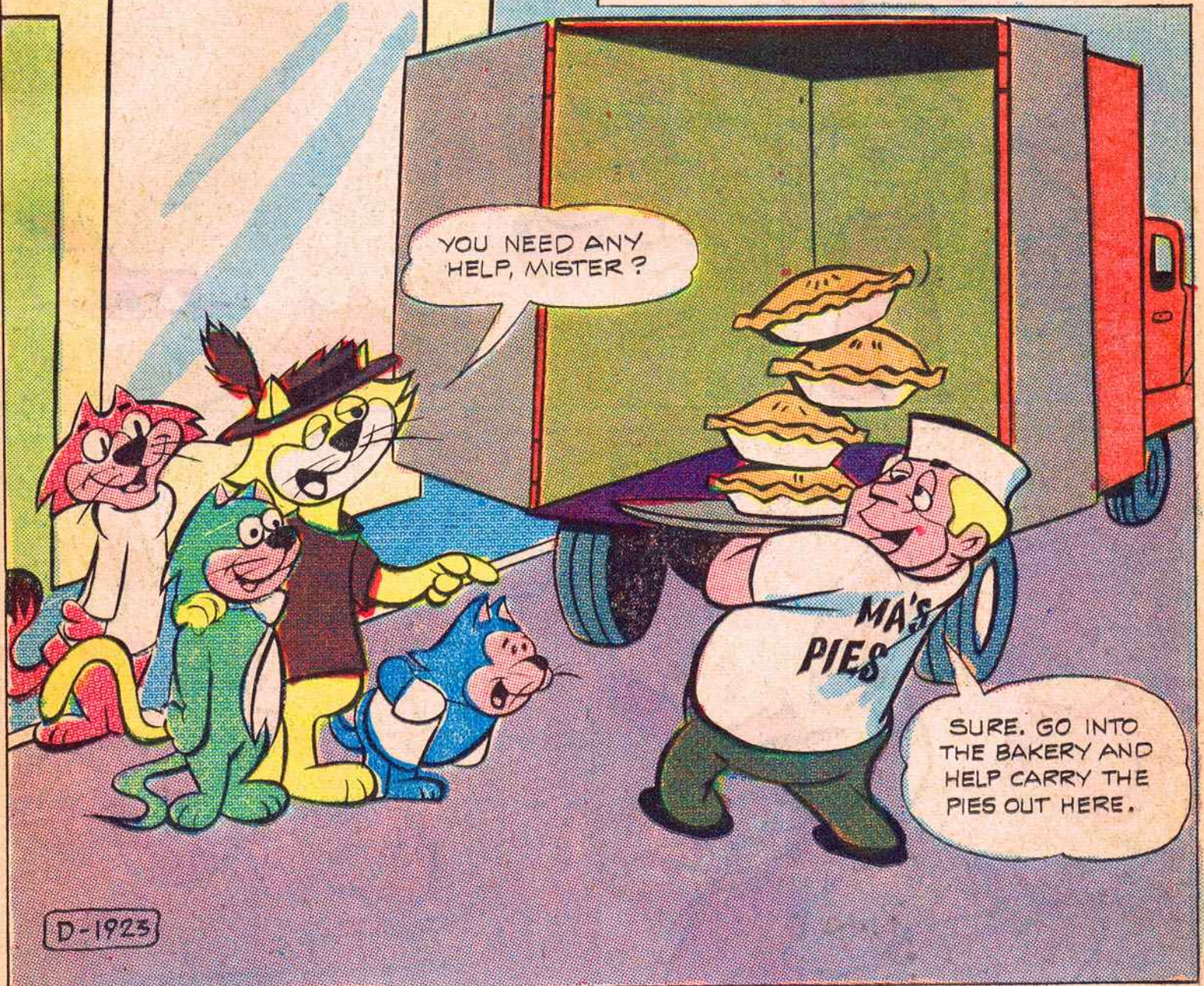


**T**HEY ARE DIMINISHING IN NUMBERS NOW....AND THE PLAINITIVE HOWL, A CHILLING SOUND TO A HUNTER OR TRAPPER, IS HEARD LESS AND LESS IN THE WILDERNESS!

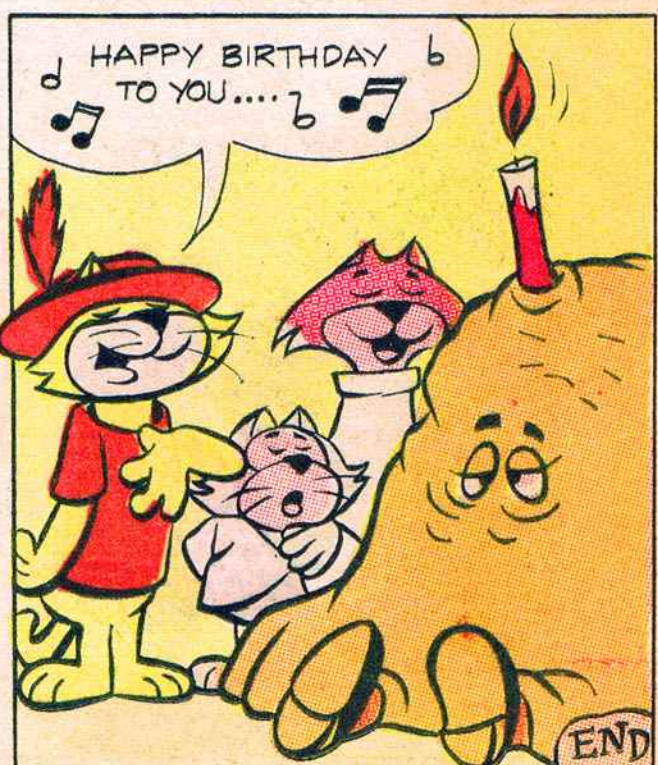
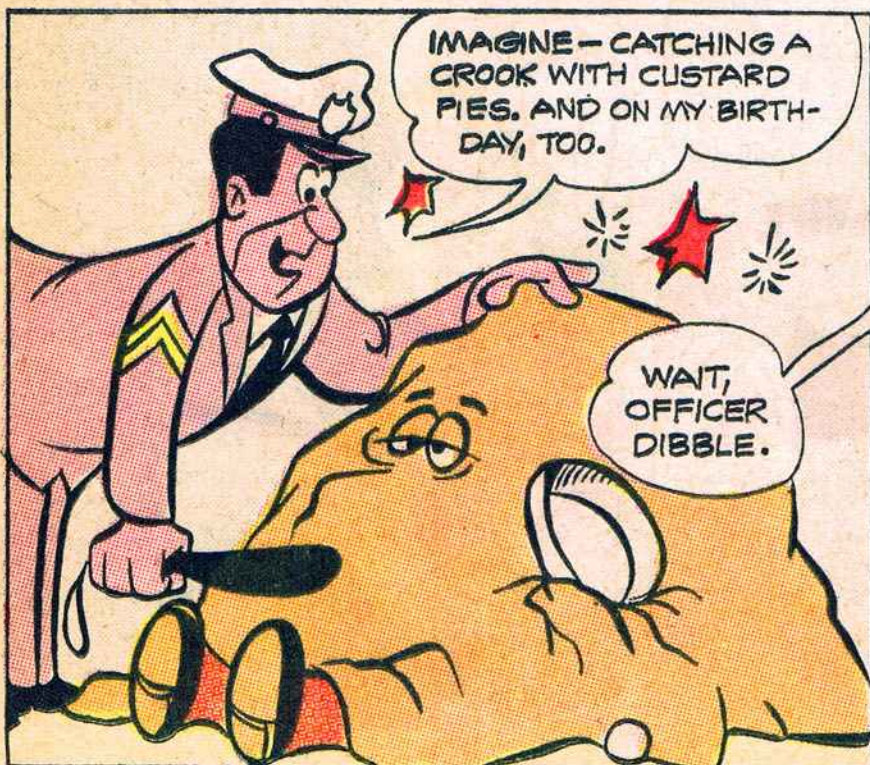
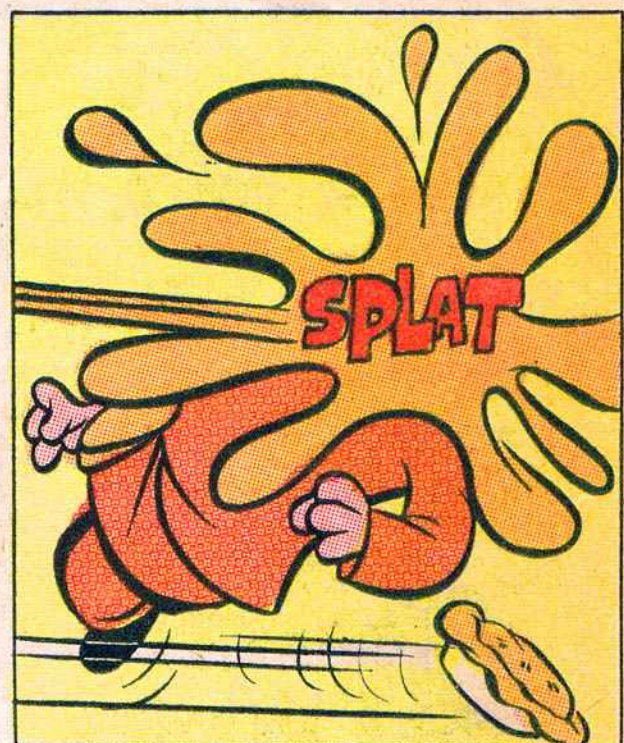
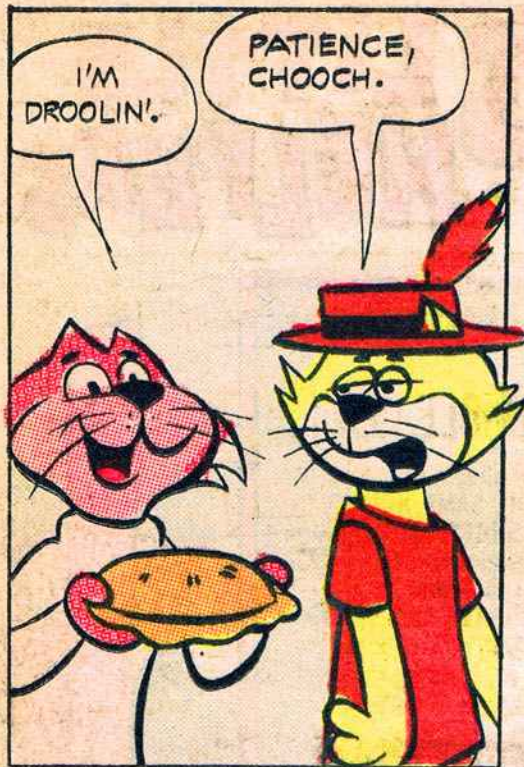




# MA'S LITTLE HELPERS





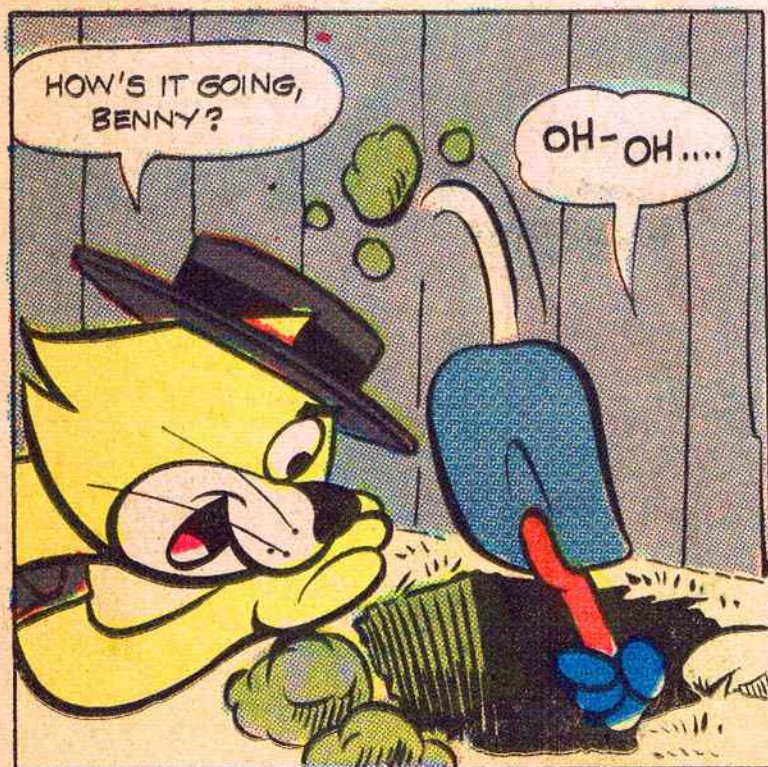
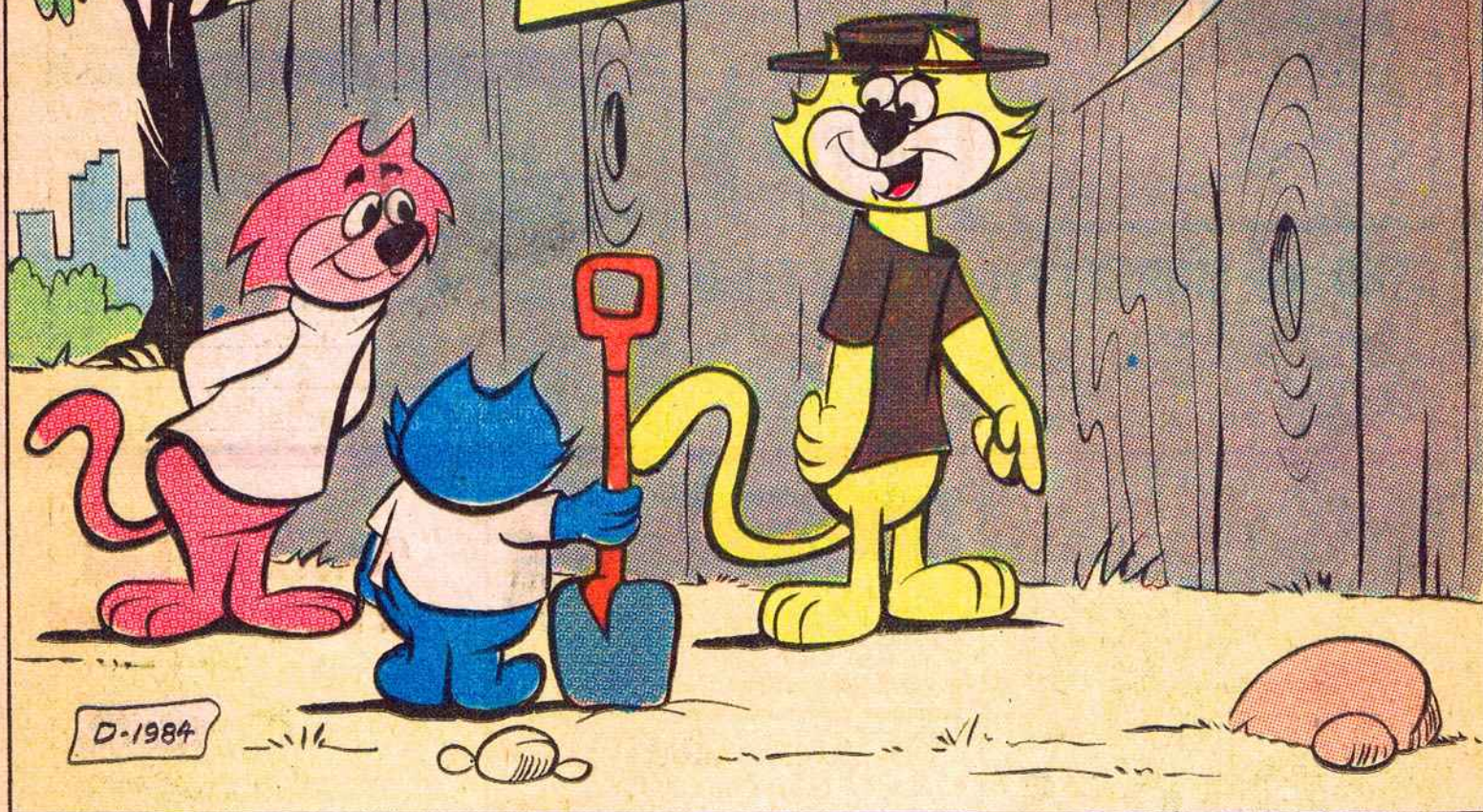




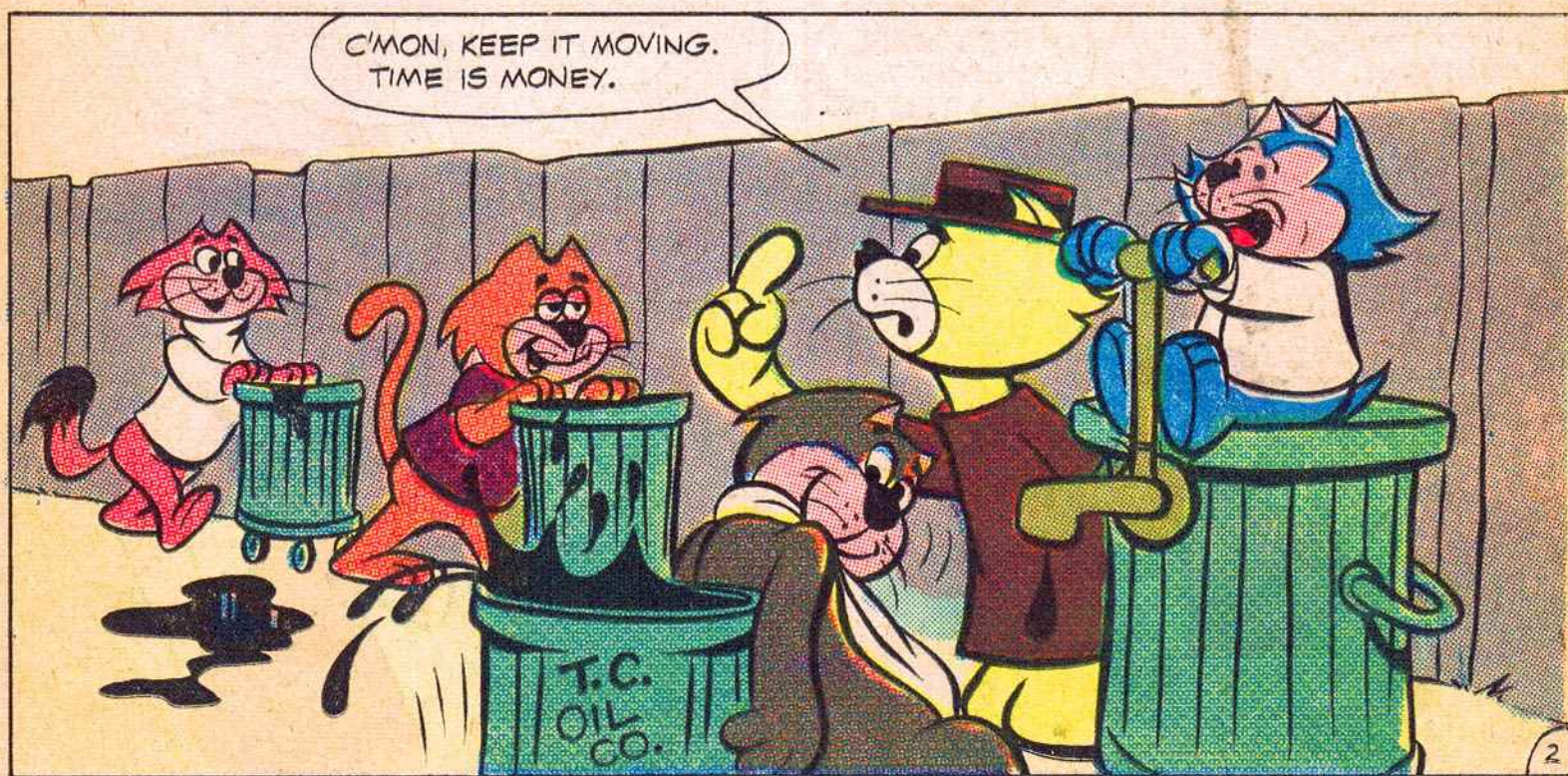
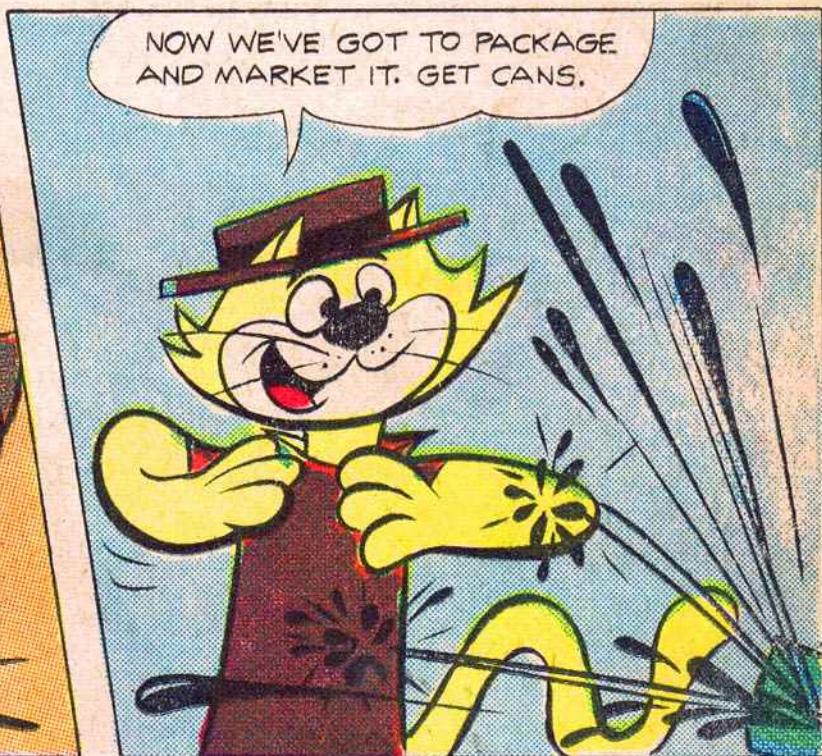
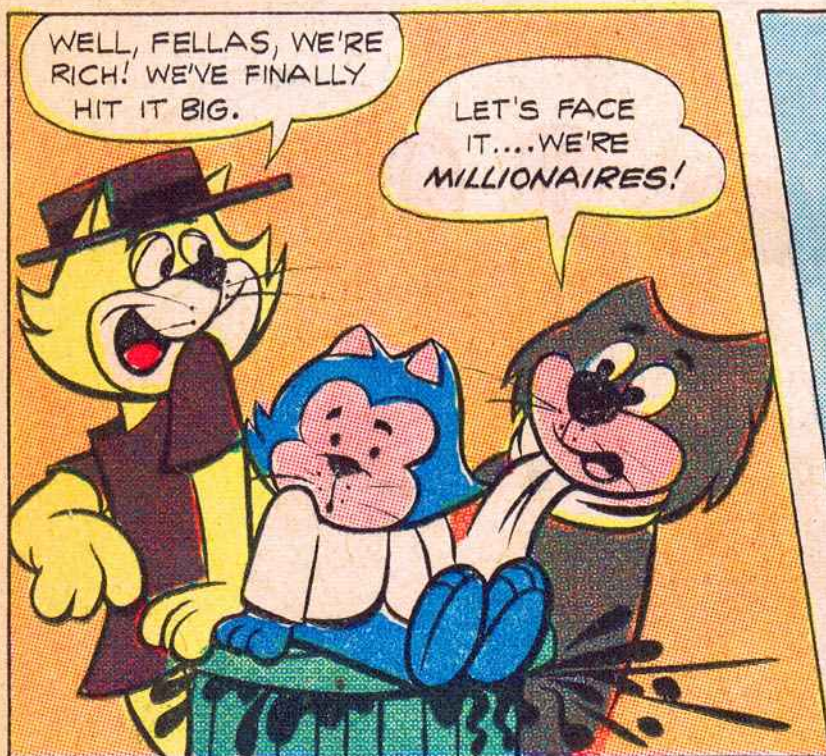
# "EARL of WOOL"

BALL GAME  
TODAY

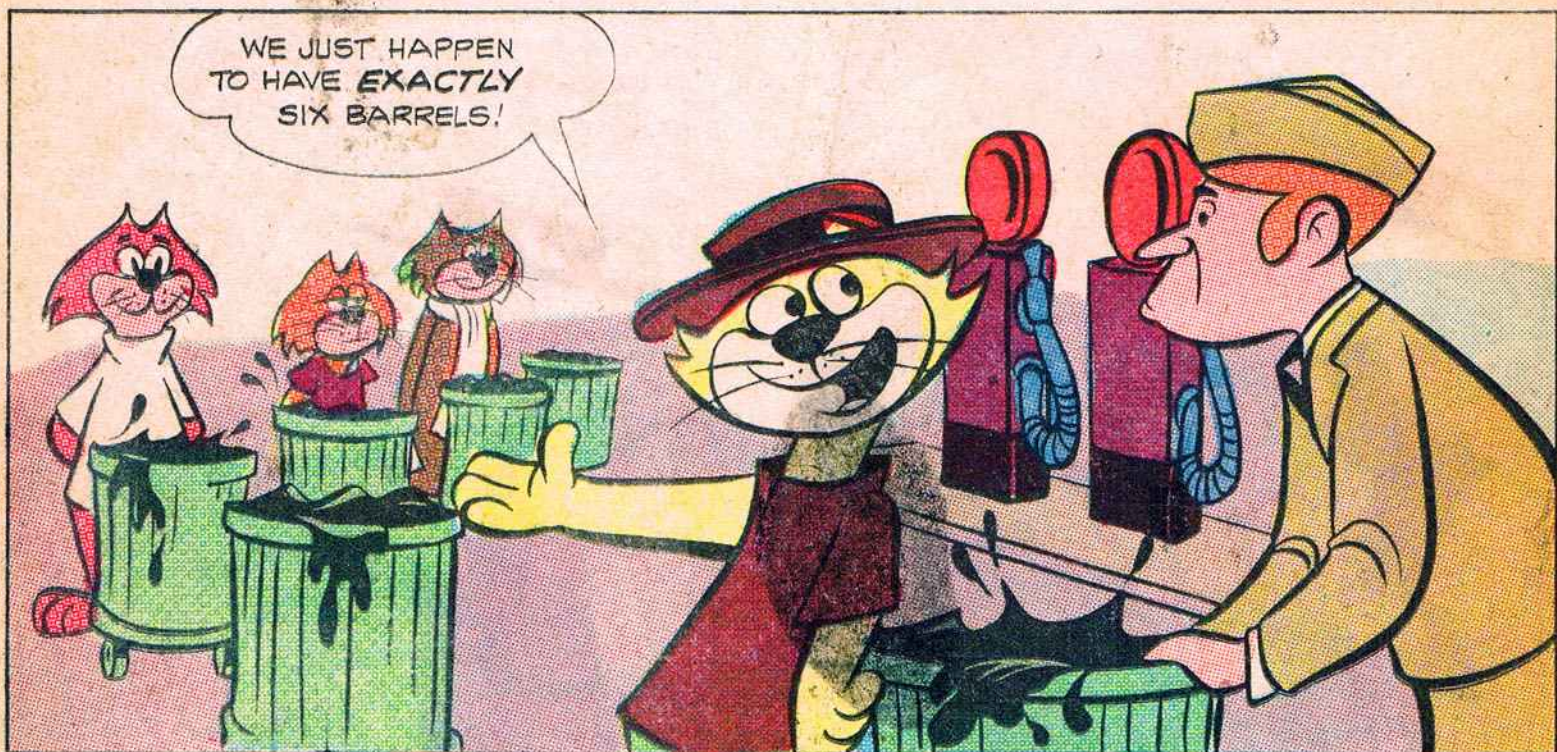
IF WE  
TUNNEL UNDER  
THE FENCE WE  
CAN SEE THE  
GAME. NOW  
DIG!



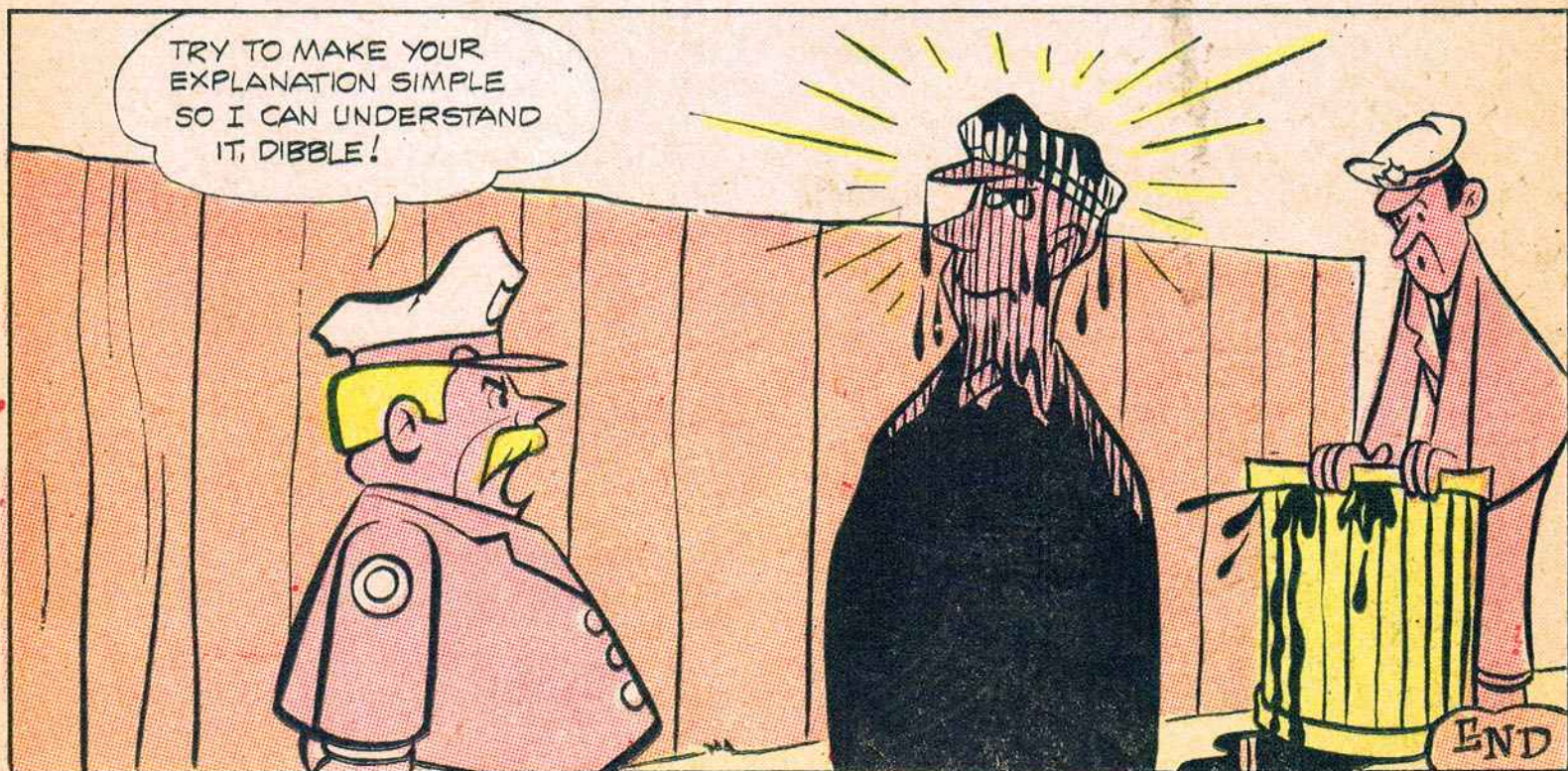
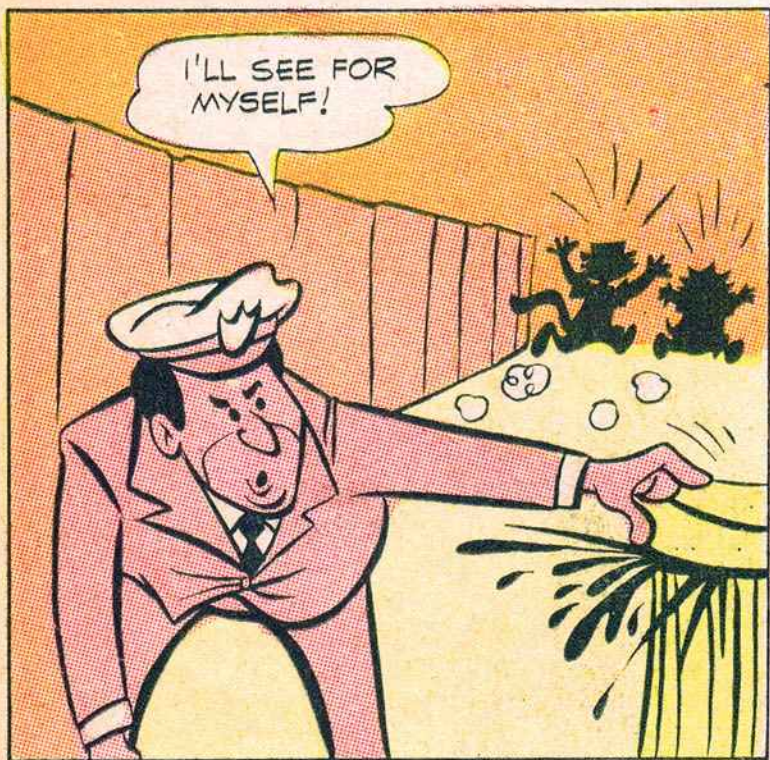
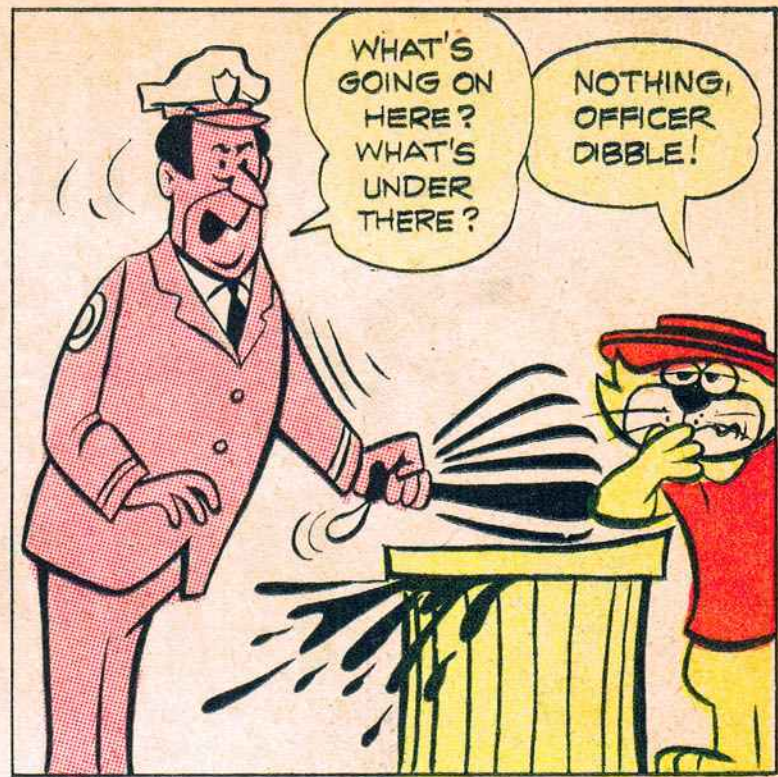














# Meditations, Reflections, Projections

For more than thirty years, I have been caught between the teacher's desk and the blackboard. I have taught those little darlings in the grade schools. And I have even been in a kindergarten class. Life is never dull even though in these days of Pollution Perils, you have been breathing in a lot of chalk dust. I have a lot of faith in the ability of our kids to handle any big situation. They may stumble on the little things, but fear not, when the time comes, they will show you how to take care of matters that baffle wise adults.

Suppose we were invaded by spaceships from Mars? And they had just landed outside of our great city. And over radio and TV we were told to remain cool. We had no choice but to surrender. I know just what our kids would do. They would immediately rush right out of the house.

"Come back here, John," shouts a terrified mother. "Those monsters may eat you."

"Come back here, Lucy," screams a shivering father. "They may take you back to Mars."

But to no avail! Even the police cars fail to block the egress of those kids to the landing fields. And they know just what they are going to do. The little girls rush up to the Martians. In one hand a pen. In the other hand a sheet of paper or a little book.

"Your autograph, please! Sign here. Below that other name. Look, I was here ahead of her! Quit your shoving, Marie. Thanks for signing."

I think we can sensibly conclude that after signing those tens of thousands of sheets of papers, the average Martian is in no fighting mood. Tired and puzzled. Either return back home or talk peace with these Earthlings. But they can't return home. Why? We still have those little boys.

They rush up to the space ships. They know just what they are going to do. Get some part of it to bring home as a souvenir.

"I saw his valve first, Mike. You take the one over there."

"I don't know what it is. But it will look good in my bedroom."

"Is that a space gun, Mr. Martian? I'll trade you five baseball pictures for it."

Within two hours the entire Martian space fleet has been decimated. They are finished.

"I told you we should have attacked the Venusians," wails a Junior Martian space officer. "If our children ever meet these earthling kids and learn from them, we are finished."

And so the most warlike creatures in the universe have been defeated. And turned into docile people. I am proud that my kids from 4B2 helped save the day for this country! But knowing parents I do not think that they will be properly awarded when they return home.

"I told you not to go there," scolds John's mother. "What is that thing you are trying to bring back here? I don't care where you got it. Or who gave it to you. You're not going to clutter up the house with more of your junk."

"Another autograph!", snaps Lucy's father. "You pasted all the others on the walls in your room. This is the limit. I have a good mind to tear it up right now."

When children disobey parents they must be punished. Of course it sometimes takes a good interval of time for the parent to figure out what to do. And at the end of supper, John got the verdict.

"You will not go with us on the picnic this Sunday. That will teach you a good lesson."

As for Lucy, she too hears the sentence of judgment passed on her.

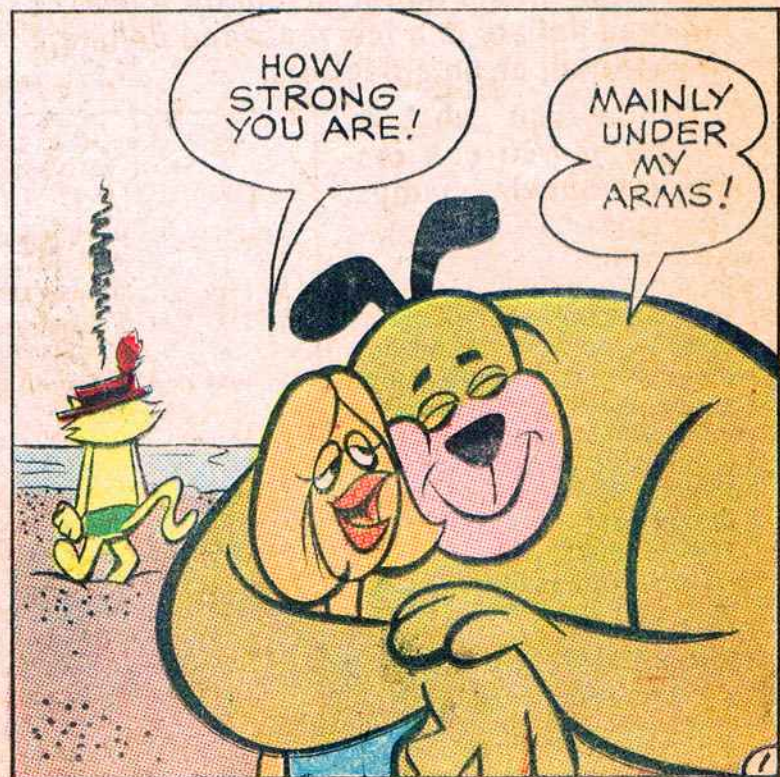
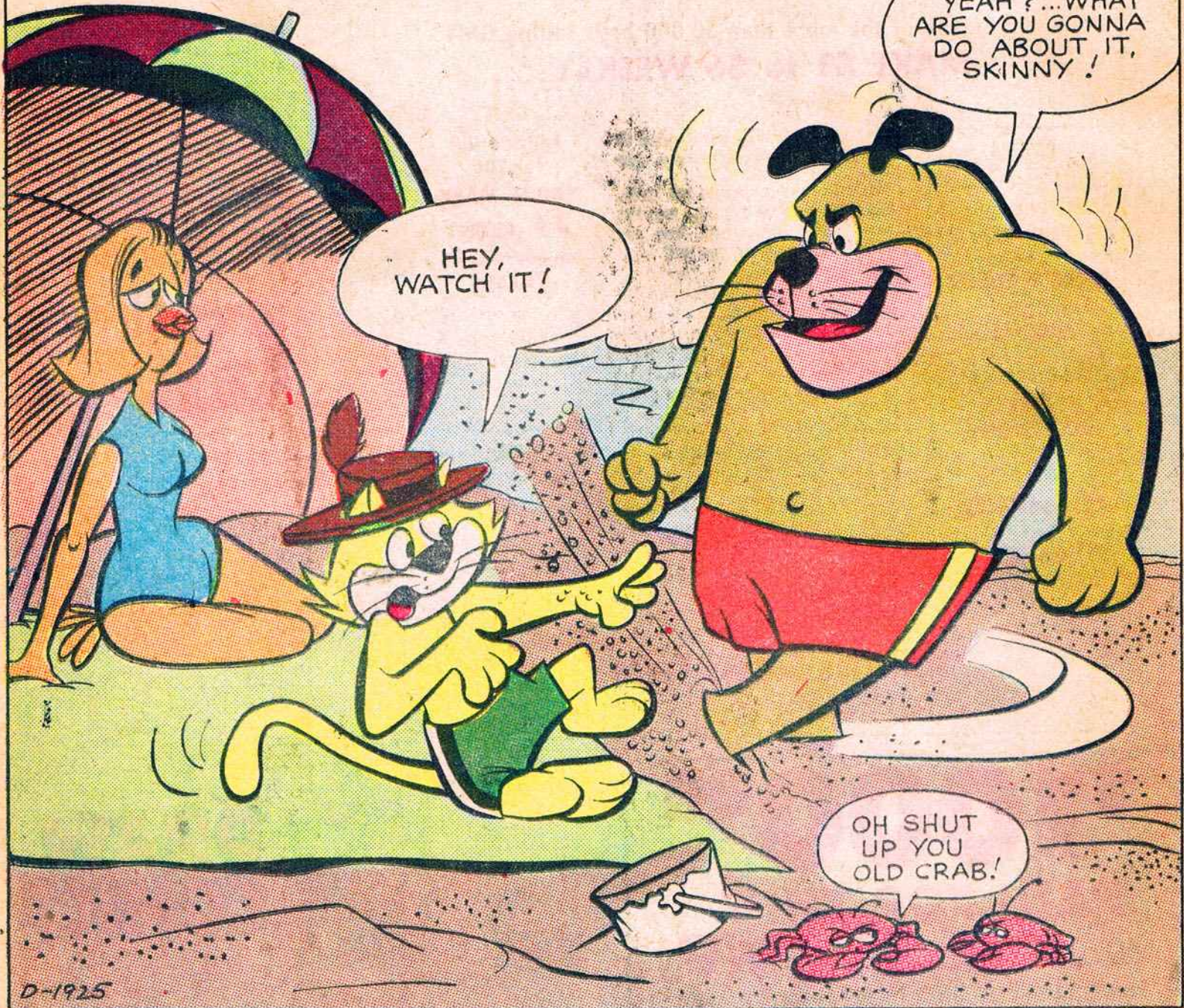
"I'm going to punish you. But good. I won't get that new dress you saw in Blumer's Bargain Basement."

But there is an ultimate Justice that we teach kids. The good get rewarded. The bad get what's coming to them. Those kids did save this country. So both sets of parents get the message:

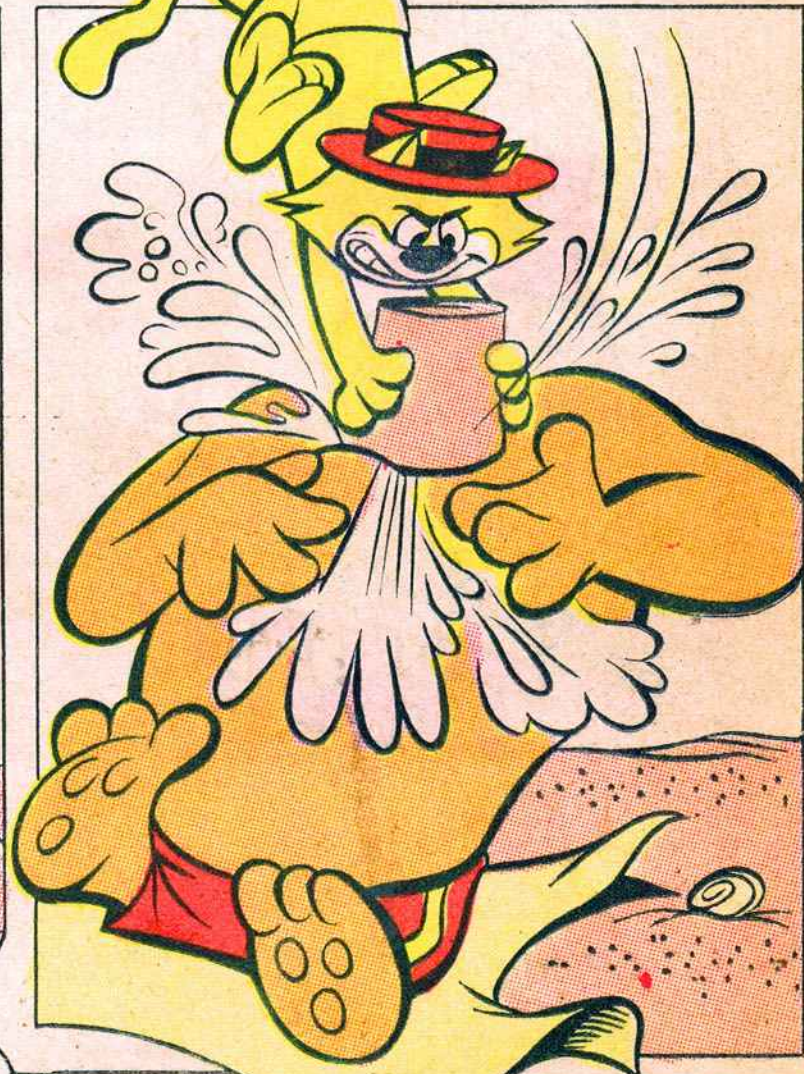
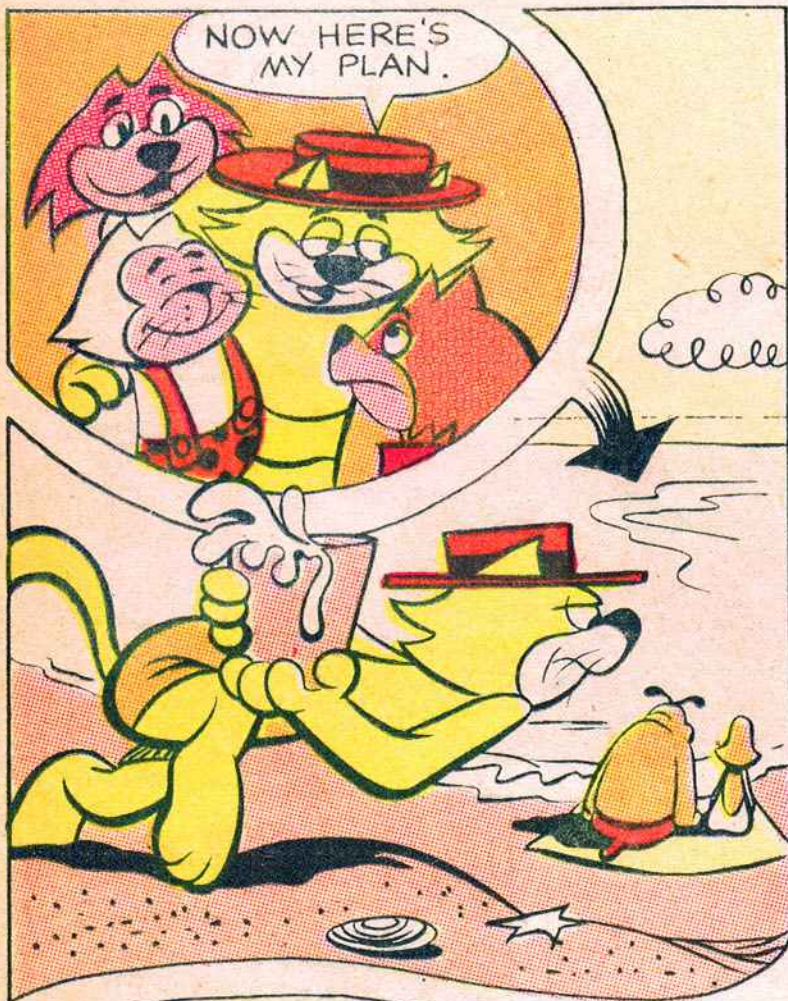
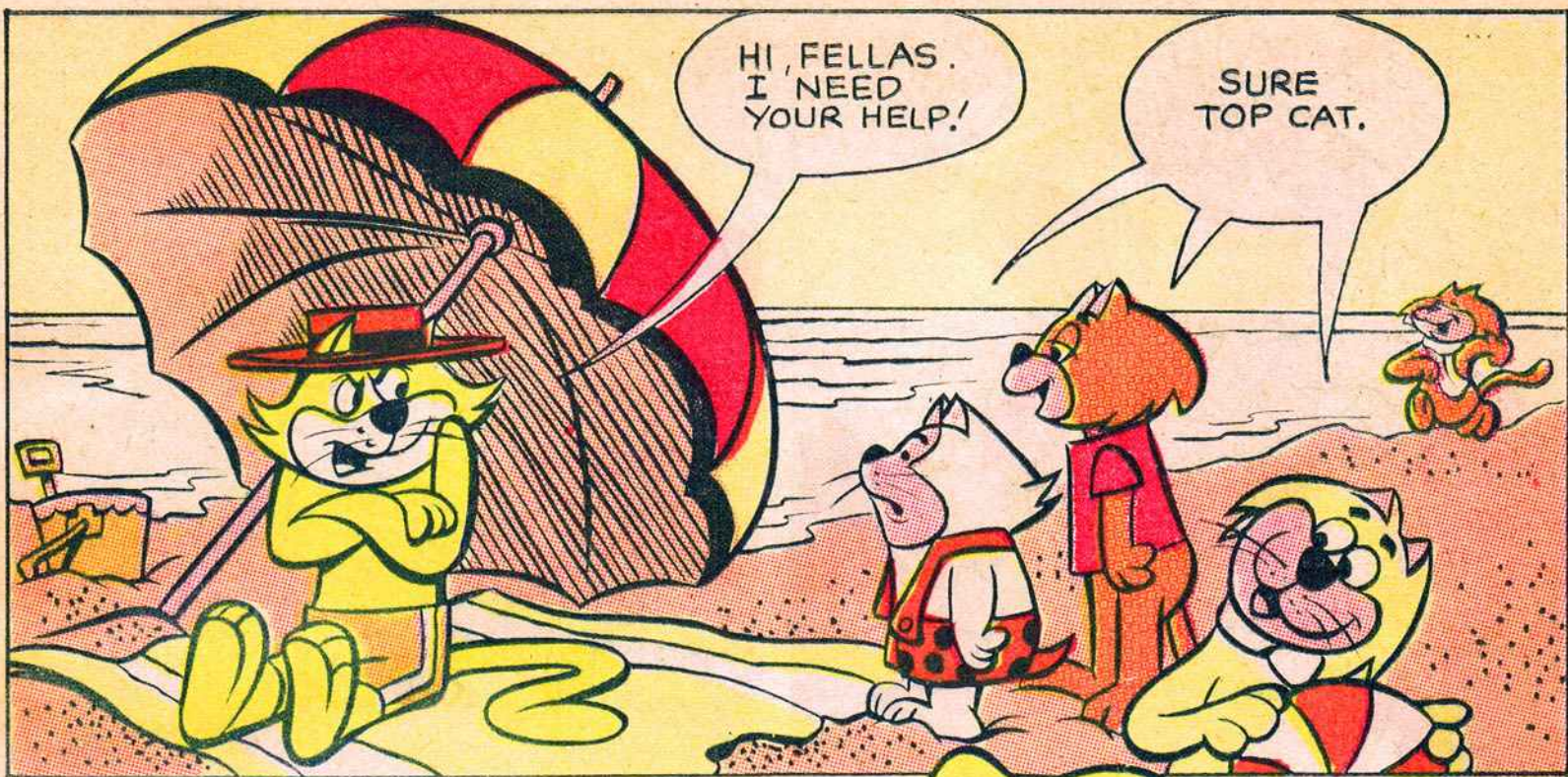
"This is the White House Calling. We want you and your wonderful child to be here at a reception to be given to the Martian Ambassador."



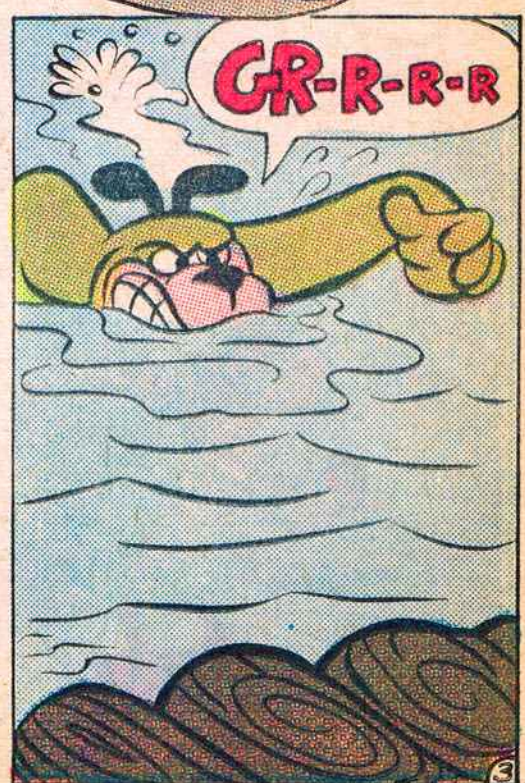
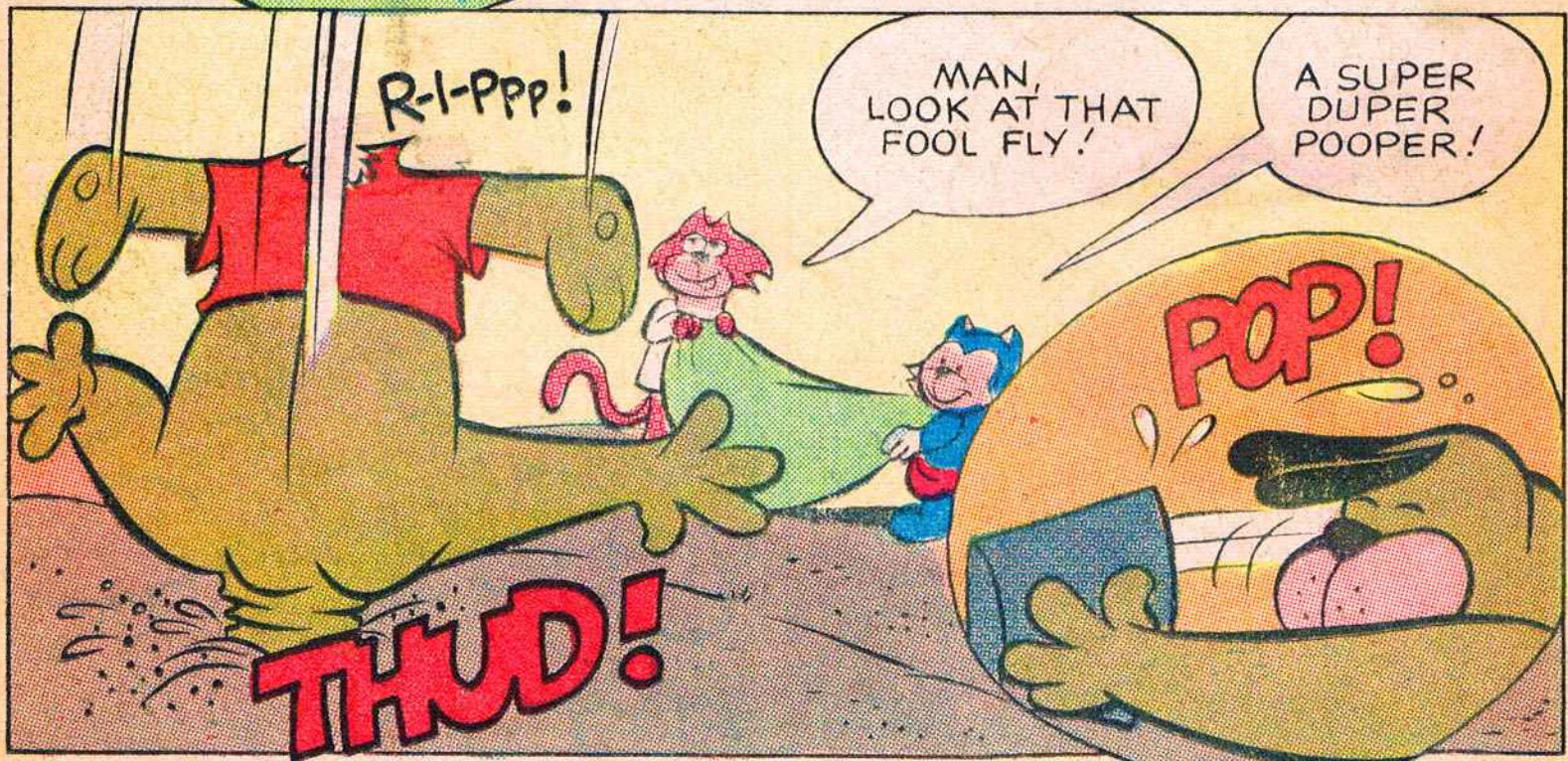
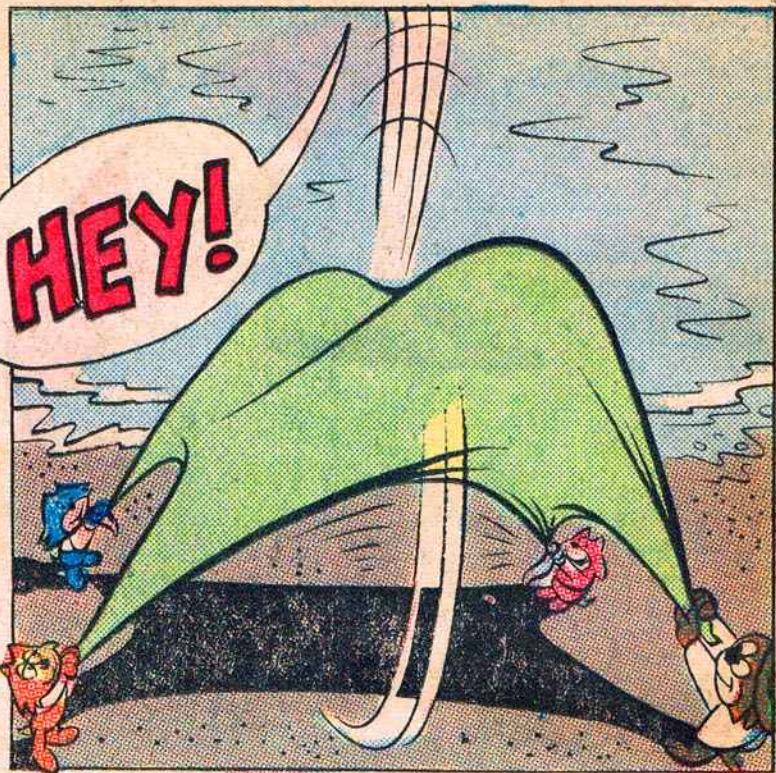
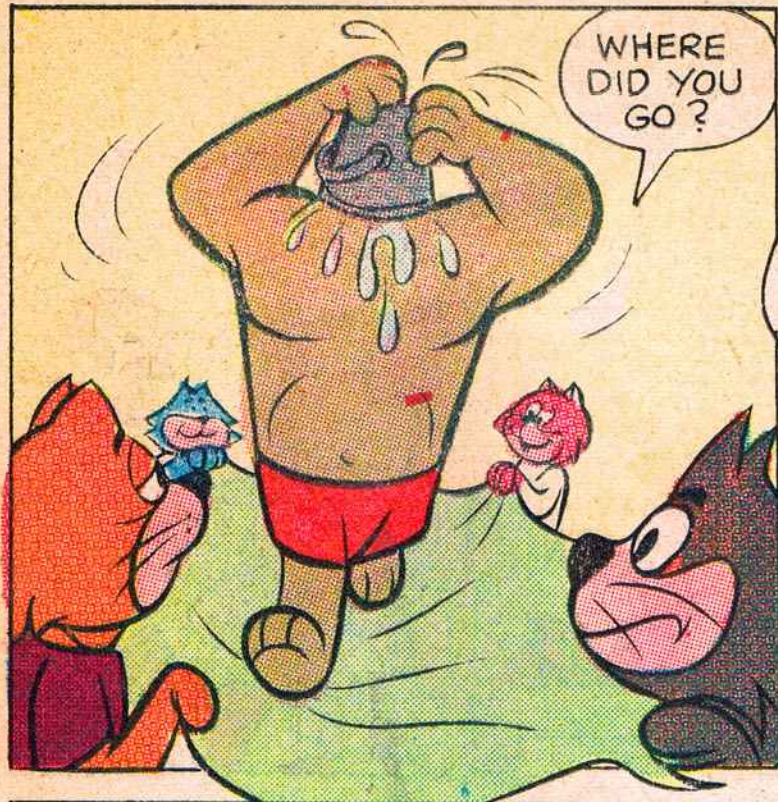
# BON VOYAGE



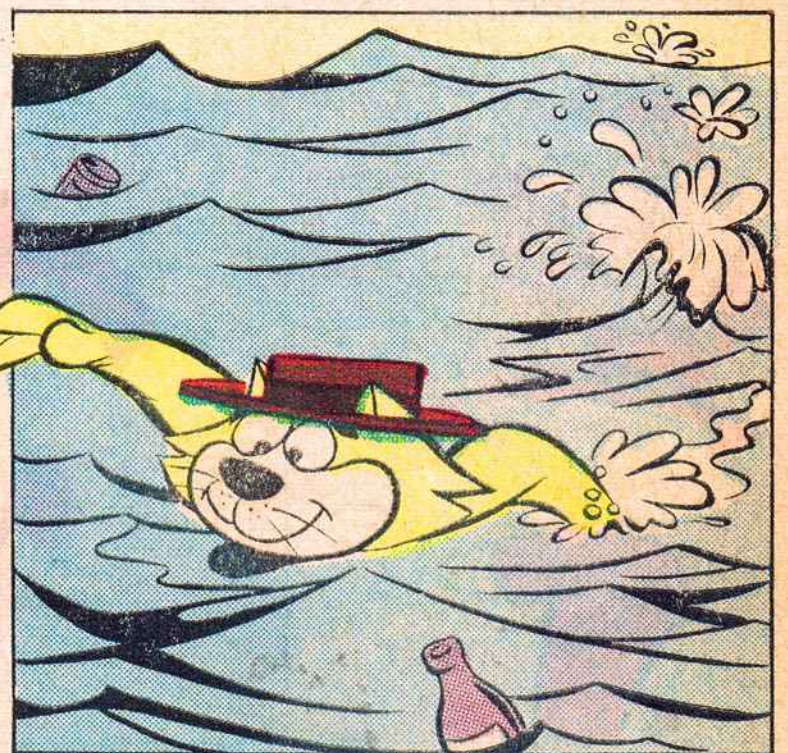
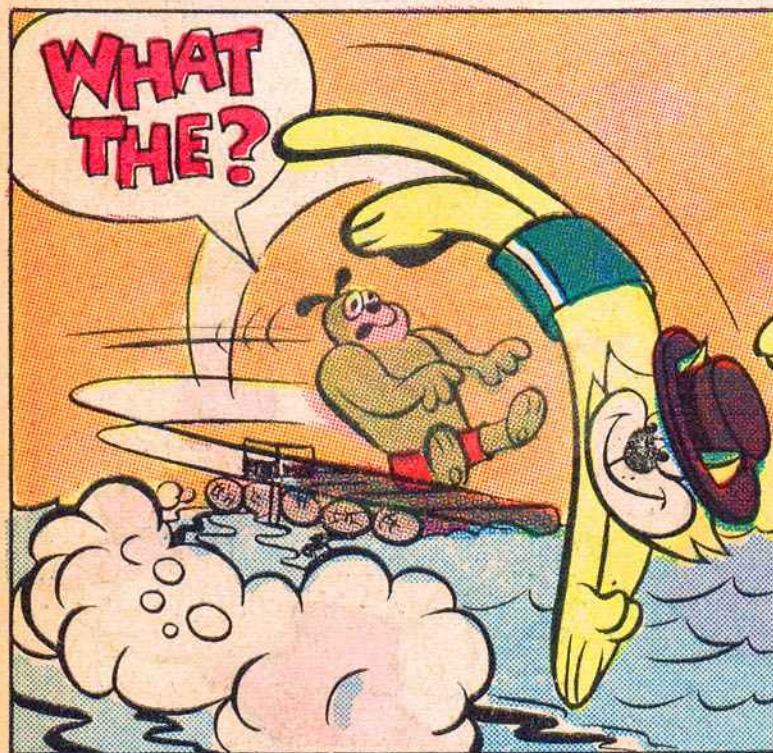
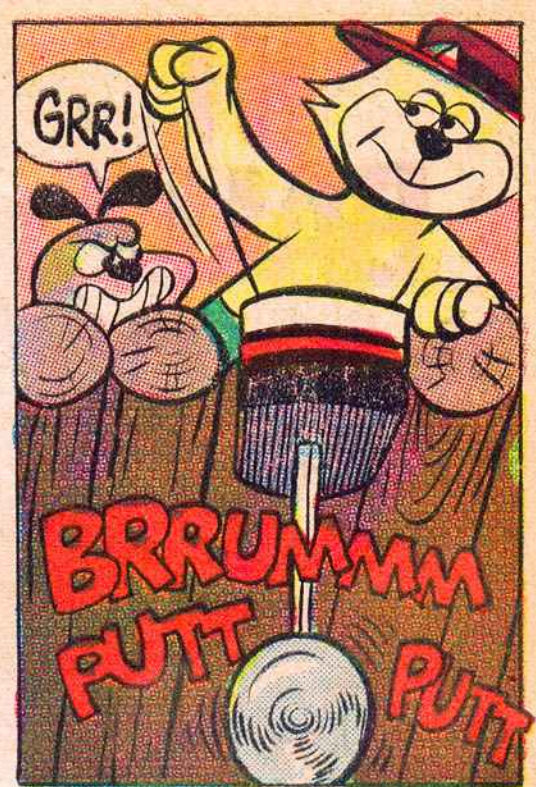
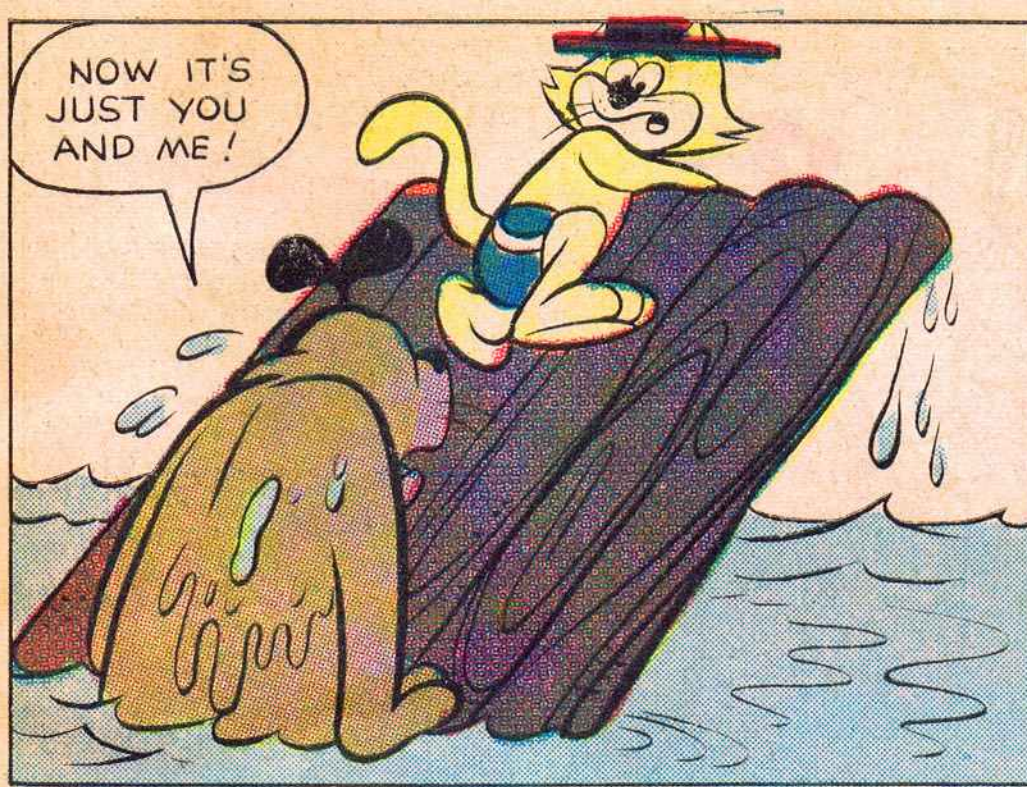




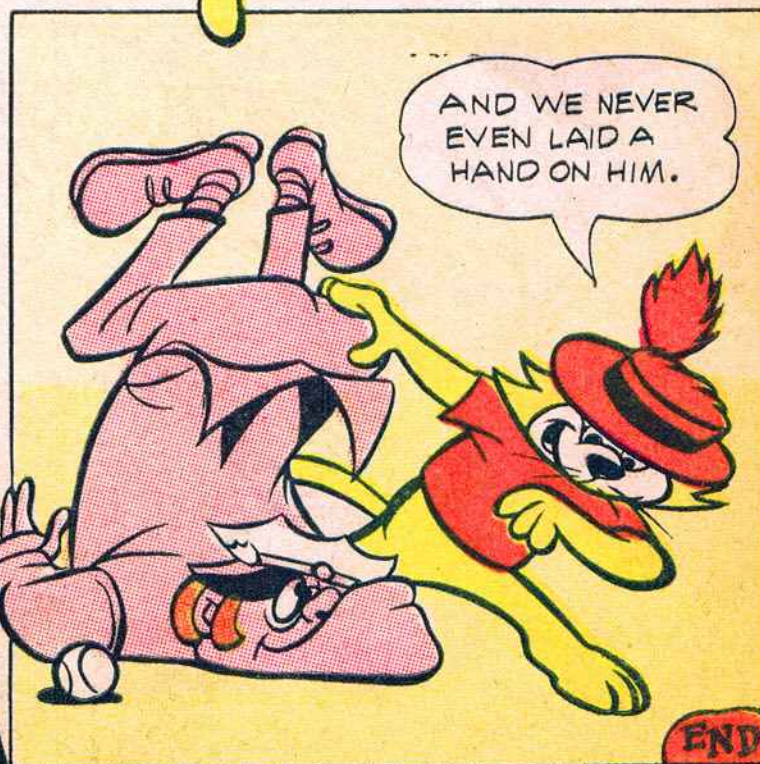
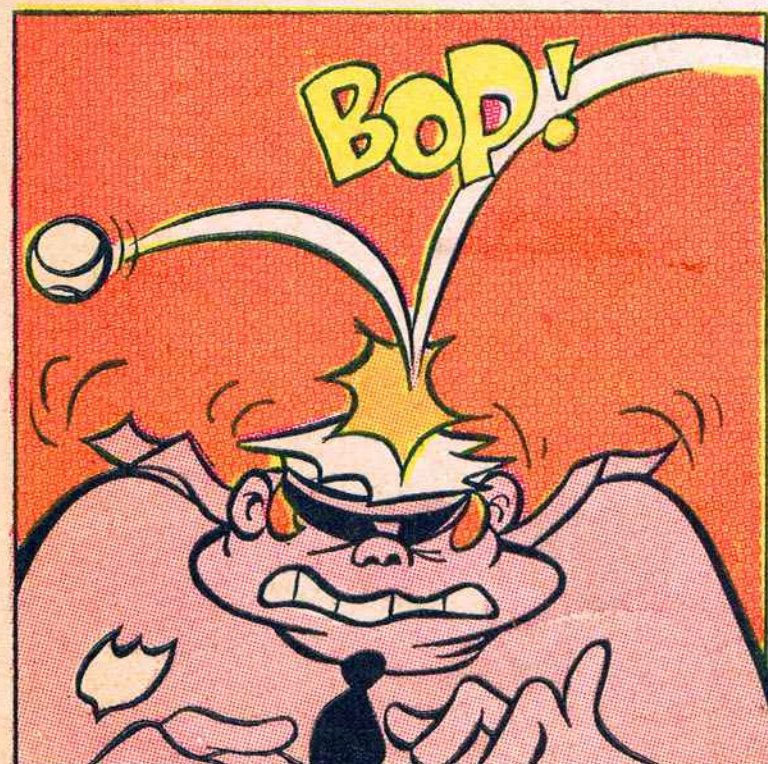
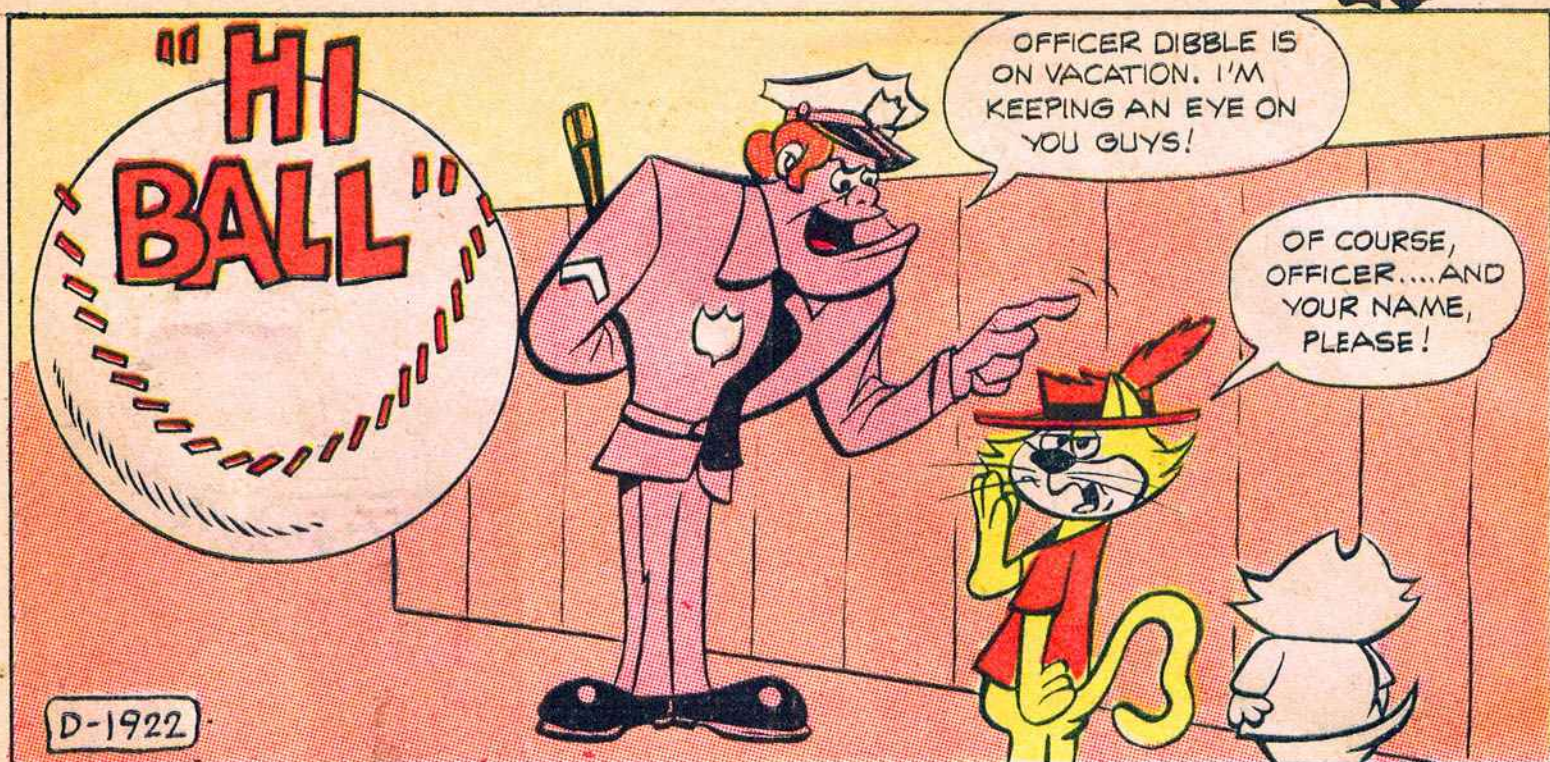














# King KONG

MR. GRIMALDI'S SICK IN BED. I'M TAKING OVER FOR HIM TODAY, BUT I HAVEN'T MADE A CENT!

WHAT'S UP, TC?

D-1983





